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# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## Things in General.

WHAT is the United States coming to? is a question we have to ask because conditions across the line must affect us. We have never yet had legislation which separates the two countries as they should be separated if the Republic is to have a panic and we are to escape from it. Mr. Tarte may have been talking without any regard to good taste or the ethics of a Cabinet position, but he has been saying things which everybody recognizes to be true. With the good or bad taste of his propaganda we really have nothing to do; what is true in a commercial sense requires no defence for its utterance as far as those who have to suffer or profit by the conditions to be created are concerned.

What is the condition of the United States to-day? Anarchy seems to prevail in a situation which has absorbed the best thought of the Republic without a solution appearing. The President and the constitution have been utter failures as applied to a situation which spells disaster to everybody. Never in the history of civilization has there been such a contemptible failure of the chief executive of eighty millions of people to effect a settlement of what seems on the surface nothing but a dispute as to whether Organized Labor shall control the output of coal or whether Organized Capital shall have the final say. The future must more or less furnish a solution of this problem which is staggering the world, if civilization is not to be pronounced a dismal and disastrous failure. The United States has endeavored to preach a doctrine which has been resented by every nation which seems to apply to the people who have arrogated to themselves everything, that "there is a pride which goes before a fall," and probably the people of the United States are about to experience that fall. The utter abandonment of every altruistic sentiment in favor of prosperity which they alone can create and control, and of which they must be the father and the mother, has certainly made the United States conspicuous. That there has been no organized movement to prevent the growth and blandishment of this principle must naturally be ascribed to the touch-and-go relations of the great powers. No one has seemed either willing or able to combat any theory advanced by this extraordinarily bumptious nation with a vast population and unestimated resources. The pride of power has not been concealed by those who speak and write as attorneys for the great Republic. Everything that has been said may within the measurements of those who have power to apply the rule, be quite true. But the failure of the constitution, of the President, of public sentiment, has been established as it was never established before. Admitting the power of a self-sustained people of 80,000,000, one can but stand aghast at the absolute failure of such a mass of people to do a necessary thing at a time when that very thing should be done.

When the coal barons turned down the President as if he were an office boy and they were the proprietors of the United States, labor may have thought that it was winning the victory. Such a solution of the trouble is to be nowhere found in a similar situation. We have simply been confronted with a crisis in which neither Labor nor Capital is willing to yield. It is perhaps well that the problem has been so clearly marked out, for while the vast populace of this country is suffering personal inconvenience, a proper conception of what these two great elements of industry aim to control is being brought home to everybody. Capital evidently controls what is done in the legislatures; Labor tries to control those who are elected only to be panders. We must seek to make provisions to prevent this system controlling Canadian parliaments, yet it seems impossible, as a matter of self-defence, to make such laws as will prevent our subjection to the impossible relations the United States seems to have created.

The fact that 150,000 coal miners have undertaken to run the United States, and their success, should be a good illustration of what we must experience if Canada is not to be run for the people who live in it, but made a supplementary market to be despised in periods of prosperity and to be utilized as a dumping ground when there is nothing else in sight. The United States has built up a vast export trade on the basis of selling at a ruinous price to foreigners while their own consumers are made to pay the whole shot. We are face to face with a commercial condition when at least fifty per cent. of the output of United States factories must find a market at any old price. We cannot afford to have our industries subjected to this flood of insolvent material. The consumer might possibly benefit by the rushing of United States material into our markets, but the manufacturer who pays his wages on Saturday night to Canadians would perish. There would be no smoke in the tall chimneys, and the result would be disastrous beyond computation. We cannot afford to have cheap goods for a few days and no manufacturers for a few years. The whole matter must be settled in a spirit of self-protection so that the most good can be got for the longest period for everybody concerned. That such conditions as the pride and arrogance of the United States have produced are a severe threat to Canada, cannot be doubted. That we have lived alongside a nation making no pretense of international good-will and have survived, is almost entirely due to the fact that we have protected ourselves to a reasonable yet not to a logical extent from the machinations of people who seem bound to destroy themselves in an extraordinary effort to be all that there is on the planet in the making and selling of goods. That all the enterprise and experience of the Old World are to be set down as nothing in comparison with the United States, is a proposition that won't stand either argument or demonstration. That neither the constitution nor the President, nor the force of public sentiment or personal inconvenience, can check conditions which are the outgrowth of pride and folly, should be a warning to those who want to hog the earth. That the United States has undertaken to show all other nations how to do business and has failed in a conspicuous instance, should demonstrate that, much as they think of themselves, the United States has not done anything so far except to demonstrate the failure of civilization, and it is quite possible that Great Britain, France, and Germany, and Austria, and Italy, and Russia, may have some claim to have an influence which is still unaffected by the bumptiousness of those who believe that they are the custodians of liberty and are setting the pace for their grandfathers.

THE efforts of those who are trying to prevent a coal famine in Toronto seem in the majority of cases to be little better than the pursuit of all sorts of will-o'-the-wisp schemes. Attention has been frequently called to the fact that what the people want is coal, not schemes of reorganizing the community; the reorganizing business can be attended to later on. What is urgently demanded at the present moment is prompt and decisive action. It is now evident that no matter how soon a settlement is arrived at between the miners and the mine owners, fuel will be dear not only in Toronto, but throughout Canada, all winter. Navigation will soon close; the difficulties of getting fuel will thereby be increased. The businesslike thing is to compute the amount of fuel that will be required and have it delivered here at the earliest possible moment at the

smallest possible cost. Confiscation of Canadian mines or unwarranted interference with those who have not in the present instance offended, or any political jackassery intended to make popularity for one party or unpopularity for the other, should not even be discussed.

THE appointment that makes Alderman and ex-Controller Frame superintendent of the new market at \$500 a year is a pitiful instance of the smallness of the men who sit in the City Council and sometimes even obtain seats in the Mayor's "cabinet." The whole business was a contemptible object lesson, and made the exit from municipal politics of Ald. Frame a disheartening episode. The only defence which appears to have been made by the aldermen favoring the appointment was that ex-Ald. Frame needed the position. Even this defence was sufficient to silence nearly all the objectors, and suggests the rather ignominious conclusion that needy and useless men enter municipal politics in the hope of being shelved—or, as it would probably be better to put it, pensioned for the remainder of their days. Surely no one can quarrel with a salary of \$500 a year, which seems to have been sufficient to have made an ex-alderman and ex-controller go away back and sit down. Unless the public service cannot be damaged by the incompetency of the appointee, it is enough to make one sick to think that men of this size are able to lead the poll year after year in their own particular ward and be more than once promoted to the Board of Control. As an alderman Mr. Frame got \$300 a year, and as Controller \$700—\$1,000 in all; yet for \$100 per annum less he has accepted an office which apparently requires more energy and ability than this unquestionably mediocre man possesses. Is it not about time that the enormous affairs of Toronto were taken out of the hands of such helpless people?

A GOOD point was made by the "Star" on Tuesday in commenting on the complaints which the members of the Ministerial Association are making, that so few of the city clergymen turn out to the meetings. Can they

as the flying stool with which Jennie Geddes hurled Anglicanism from the pulpits of Scotland. It has been hard at this distance from Kensis's noisy propaganda to form a safe and proper estimate of the man and his motives. But it seems to be generally agreed that Kensis was a common fellow, moved by no very lofty spiritual ideas, but full of the love of strife and possessed by a fanatical fear that England, through her Church, was to be Romanized by the agents of the Vatican. Kensis has been described as a self-seeker who found his agitation immensely profitable in affording him a market for the anti-Papist books and periodicals in which he dealt. However this may be, he succeeded in forcing public attention to the fact that the Church of England is no longer one, but split into sections differing more from each other than either the "low" party differs from Methodism and Presbyterianism, or the "high" party from Roman Catholicism. How these two intensely antagonistic influences can be reconciled, and streams diametrically opposed in direction made to flow peaceably in one channel, is a question no one has answered. Disestablishment will undoubtedly be the upshot of the schism which is weakening the English Church from within. Disestablishment may be a good thing for England, and even for the Church, but it will not solve the question whether that Church is to remain Protestant or to become Catholic in its doctrines and practices. Kensis did much to hasten the crisis that is bound to come. This crisis will surely be felt in religious circles in Canada, for the cleavage that he pointed out in England is becoming as marked in this country as it has been there. The spectacle of a great Church divided into two warring camps is not an inspiring one, but it illustrates how sects have always tended to subdivide and break up, and with what fury religionists have ever fought amongst themselves in all ages and in every country under the sun.

WHATEVER may be thought of the coalition idea, it is certain that Premier Ross in his Newmarket speech strengthened himself immeasurably with his followers and gained in respect with the people generally.



IT CANNOT RUN THE GAUNTLET.

very well complain if the people do not go to church and listen to preachers who cannot themselves afford to be bored by attending at those meetings where they have to hear one another talk? It is said that only those preachers who have been assigned a subject or expect to have something to say, attend the Ministerial Association. It would seem that the gentlemen of the cloth are talkers rather than listeners, and probably some of those who absent themselves from the pews are afflicted with the same belief that unless they do the talking there will be nothing worth listening to.

THE Rev. J. A. Rankin, pastor of Central Methodist Church, Bloor street, is reported to have said in addressing his congregation on the work of the recent General Conference, that the comparative decrease in church membership during the quadrennium was due to two chief causes—the war spirit that was abroad and the prosperity of the country. Mr. Rankin quoted "Ralph Connor," who, in addressing the Conference, had said that the greatest obstacle to the spread of the Gospel in Manitoba had been wheat, because when a man was full of wheat he could not be filled with anything else. If the churches have suffered, as this gentleman avers, from the wave of militarism and commercialism that has swept over not only Canada but the greater part of the world, it is in order to ask what the churches did to stem these adverse but popular currents. If prosperity has interfered with church growth, are we to understand that the preachers would welcome the return of hard times as a condition favorable to the expansion of their trade? It is doubtless too true that spirituality and material prosperity seldom go hand in hand, yet the majority of people will prefer to have their allowance of these blessings mingled in wholesome proportion. After all, prosperity, like spirituality, is a relative term, and it is not true that the religious impulse is strongest amongst those who have least of this world's goods, as the argument of the Rev. Mr. Rankin fairly implies. If it were true, then a return to pastoral simplicity or barbaric penury would be the surest pathway to the salvation of mankind. That the Methodist Church has not grown of late and is not now growing as rapidly as it might, is a matter for regret. Membership in that denomination does not generally seem to conduce to lack of this world's goods, and one would imagine that the worldly-minded masses of whom the Rev. Mr. Rankin speaks would have hastened to get into a fold where so many of the righteous have waxed sleek and prosperous.

JOHN KENSIT, the loud-lunged anti-ritualist agitator, may prove a more powerful force dead than alive, since his life in a sense was sacrificed to a cause, and the people dearly love a martyr. Kensis's enemies have had the supremely bad judgment to convert a frothing fanatic into a dead hero. The flying chisel that carried death to this disturber of religious assemblies may become as historical

Mr. Ross is no "quitter," and his determination to hold the fort until the last round of ammunition is fired, appeals to that instinct within all of us that loves the bonny fighter. It is idle for the "Mail and Empire" to pretend that Mr. Ross has made up his mind to resist the people. His temper is not that of the dictator or truculent political usurper. He has simply given notice to his opponents who were calling on him to hold up his hands and let them take charge of the caravan, that he will defend his trust until they can show their title to the goods. If they are able in future to produce such title, Mr. Ross will not hesitate to hand over the people's property and authority to their chosen agents. This is a proper and defensible attitude, and the country will regard it as such. It may be a regrettable thing that the voters of this province did not indicate their desires more unequivocally, so as to give the quietus to political agitation. Those who say that party government and the rivalries and weaknesses it engenders have been a bad thing for Ontario may have all the facts on their side. But everybody knows that it is idle in the present state of political opinion to talk of a truce. This being so, any attitude less confident and self-reliant than that of Mr. Ross would be pusillanimous. It is hard to understand why the "Globe" suggested coalition without first having consulted the man most vitally affected by such a proposal. Mr. Ross can be depended on to put up a stalwart battle in the bye-elections, despite anything urged in the now famous editorial of the "Liberal" organ. If he gets anything like a fair amount of help from his colleagues and camp-followers, and does not have to carry the whole outfit on his back as in the general elections, Mr. Ross may yet emerge from the situation with an ample majority and a firmly established Government.

SIN seems to be a joyless sort of thing as it is exploited by the modern defaulter. Possibly sin is a joyless thing under the gayest circumstances. Probably we have become accustomed to the sinner making a splurge, having a great big, double-breasted time with champagne, and women, and music, and fast horses, and cards, and big winnings and proportionate losses, and an all-round, red-hot picnic which is supposed to compensate for the years spent in penitentiary or penitence of some kind. It was the habit of banks and large institutions to carefully watch the habits of their officials and, when any of the men having the custody of large amounts of cash were detected moving in an orbit a little swifter than their salary permitted, to have their books audited and the suspected officials put under surveillance. Wine, women and song were the evidence of wrong-doing formerly, but seem to have been eliminated from the programme of the modern sinner. He seems very much inclined to be mournful of face and demeanor and to be prone to look for places of prominence in Sunday schools, churches, and meetings where the sad-at-heart console with one another over the shortness of life and the emptiness of things temporal. The swift sinner with the

glossy silk hat, boutonniere, the variegated vest, the gorgeous watch-chain, and the patent leather shoes, has gone out of fashion; he is too closely watched. The joyless old chap with the iron-grey side whiskers, the well brushed Prince Albert coat, and the somewhat frequently mended shoes, is the fellow who gets away with the boodle nowadays. The great conundrum with those who associate sin and speed with a reckless good time is what the smooth, glum-looking old guy gets out of his sad-faced sin? Respectability is outraged because the man puts his relatives to the blush and makes them feel sorry that they wear the same name. Hours grow into days, and days into weeks, and weeks into years, while this joyless old customer is falsifying his books and trying to get rich by the penitentiary route. It is very likely that he starts in with a handicap of some big debt which he has not nerve enough to repudiate, but flatteringly promises to pay whenever he is dunned, generally putting up a small instalment each time he is browbeaten by the man who probably is better able to bear the burden than his victim is. It is often very hard to tell who is the victim. In many sizings-up of embezzlements, defalcations, misuses of trusts, I have seen very disheartening evidences not only of the folly of the trustee, but the utter abandonment of business principles by those who do the trusting. The most extraordinary part of all these experiences, however, is the general tendency of the public to sympathize with the defaulter, particularly when he has not had "a good time," to straighten the ledger account of his life with his misuse of opportunities. Thievery on the part of big corporations, crookedness on the part of governments, corruption in high places, and the tendency of every business man, supposed to be smart, to get rich, no matter whether others may lack for bread or freeze for the want of coal, have tended to the making of petty thievery and colossal embezzlement a legitimate business. Unfortunately people do not look at theft and personal efforts to get rich in an improper way with such a frown as they used to wear when it was considered quite a disgrace to be caught stealing apples. That there has been an extraordinary downhill tendency to public thought in the matter of commercial dishonesty cannot be denied. It would almost seem as if personal dishonesty had become fashionable and was recognized as a fairly respectable way to make money. The utter selfishness of combinations and schemes for holding up the public is nothing but a twin brother of theft. Those who try to do right are at a disadvantage, but they are never afraid of jail. Those who professionally do wrong are always in danger of coming under the eye of a just judge and of being either banished from power if they are in politics, or sent to jail if they have no influence. It is quite possible that the Toronto Street Railway has, in its dealings with the public, so often tried to dodge all legitimate reading of its franchise that the people who suffer from this sort of thing look with approval on the man with a digger and those who dodge the payment of their fares. The wrong-doing in high places is very apt to sanctify the wrong-doing amongst subordinates, and if there is no standard higher than individual interest, then petty larceny as well as embezzlement must be expected as side-cuts to competency. But it is all so joyless, so deadly dreary, so deficient in the element of either hilarity or happiness, that one cannot but enquire into the value of that which is obtained by dishonest means. The heartfelt satisfaction of knowing that one's hands are clean and one's life free from reproach, is never felt by the poor, miserable man who continually has his hands and face in the mud groping for a dollar that will do him no good when he gets it. The wrong-doing of the hypocrite, of the joyless person, is not really less wrong because it has been shadowed with sadness; it is more dangerous because it is silent and hard to detect, and the example has the additional shame of pretentiousness and such an imitation of the good as causes people to doubt the existence of virtue.

THE referendum campaign shows no signs yet of warming up, although both sides are quietly getting their forces organized for the voting. People are more deeply interested in the question of keeping themselves warm than in the problem of keeping their neighbors sober, and in the face of such momentous economic and practical issues as now confront the average citizen, prohibition goes to the foot of the list. Of all the matters of current interest that are discussed publicly or privately, it seems to be the last and the least noticed. In fact, one seldom hears the referendum mentioned, and the silence of all the influential newspapers that voice public opinion indicates that prohibition is not a live topic in Ontario, though the vote is so close at hand. The cartoon on this page illustrates the general impression regarding the fate of the measure. The powerful liquor interest is lined up to a man to smash it. The men who are pushing the referendum along are few and unimportant. And the politicians sit apart and wait to see what will happen.

THE report of Mr. S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D., who went to the Yukon as representative of the Manufacturers' Association, is ably presented in a recent issue of "Industrial Canada," and shows what great progress has been made in our far north. The condition of affairs on the Canadian side is evidently vastly better than in Alaska, according to a statement recently made by a former attorney-general of Oregon who has just returned from a tour through the northern territory of the United States. "The Territory," according to him, "has increased very rapidly in population during the last half a dozen years, and yet it is compelled to struggle along with the same primitive governmental machinery that obtained when it was practically a frozen waste inhabited only by natives. The Territory, four times as large as the great State of California, now has communities scattered over a great part of its surface, and, with the limited facilities for traveling, communication is extremely difficult. The judicial circuit is so great that each place must be content with one session of court two or three days in duration each year. The result is that litigants are compelled to take the settlement of their disputes into their own hands, and anarchy prevails. The postal system is wholly inadequate, and other branches of government are equally inefficient. Canada governs its province of Yukon far more competently."

THE old conditions which made life a much easier problem than it is to-day, were to a very limited extent dependent upon the combination and intrigue of others. The housewife spun the wool that was shorn from the sheep which were the property of her husband. The linen of the sheets and of her garments was woven from the flax tended by her own hand. The occasional displays of meat and the regular allowance of meal were produced on soil tilled by members of the household themselves. The fuel in the fireplace and the roof over the family's head, though neither as good nor modern as those which are now enjoyed, were certain from day to day; and though the pleasures of life were limited, but little was expected and disappointments were fewer. Now those who toil have to depend upon the transportation companies for the supply of what they use, and if one branch of labor, owing to a strike or some disagreement, ceases to be productive, then all affiliated trades must sit in idleness. Civilization has



produced much greater cleanliness, has improved sanitation in our dwellings and our habits, but it has brought responsibilities which we have not yet learned to appreciate. People are more interdependent than they ever were before, and yet this has not made them less selfish. When we were accustomed to go out and cut our wood and build the fire without regard to the opinions of railroad presidents or presidents of labor unions, we knew that the warmth would be there. The conditions of life may be very much easier, we may have things that we never used to expect, but we must learn that sometimes the greatest hardship to want. We get very much of what we do not need, but nowadays we seem powerless to get the very things we most need. The false conditions with which people have surrounded themselves have made it possible for the few to embarrass the many. In the simple old days which one cannot look back to without regret, the individual was the master of the situation; now he is simply the victim of the conditions he has created. Various means are suggested of meeting the trouble, but none of them seem to be quite free from the element of pauperism and the unwarranted dependence of those who cause trouble upon organized authority.

BUT little interest was taken in the investigation of the tobacco trust and its workings in Toronto. It is to be feared that individually the opposition to trusts is largely dependent upon the amount of inconvenience or loss one suffers, and unless opposition to these gigantic thumb-screws is based upon something besides self-interest, resistance to monopolies will in no case be strong enough to overthrow them. The American Tobacco Trust, it seems, is a marvelously wealthy corporation, and in its contest for possession of the British market lost millions of pounds before its opponent yielded, and was prepared to have spent millions more before giving up the fight. Being practically in possession of the United States and Canadian market, the Trust probably spent no more than a portion of its profits in subjugating its tobacco rivals in Great Britain. The evidence adduced in Toronto indicated that the Trust forces all dealers whose business is worth considering, to sign a paper agreeing not to sell any goods of rival concerns. A manufacturer of cigarettes in Toronto told me that he was forced to sell out to the Trust or be pinched out. Dealers who are aware of the immense strength of the Trust are, of course, slow to make even a show of resistance, and unless the Government can restrain it the monopoly will have its own way and ultimately be able to charge its own prices. Some time ago a dealer told me that the Trust put out a smoking tobacco which was so cheap, as well as excellent, that it forced itself into a chief place in the market. The demand having been created, rival tobaccos having been pushed aside, dealers were asked to sign a paper promising to sell this tobacco to the exclusion of others. Once the paper was signed the price went up. And there you are. A dealer who was unwilling to sign an agreement with the Trust testifies that he had his store rented over his head by someone representing the monopoly, and it can be seen that in a thousand and one ways a concern powerful enough to influence production, the price of raw leaf, its manufacture and its sale, can make a plaything out of any rival with less opportunity to purchase and dispose of its goods. It may be quite true that better goods are made and the prices are no greater—the opposite may also be true—but the crushing out of the liberty to buy where one likes, and sell when and where and how and at what price it pleases one, is a humiliating curtailment of the liberties of the subject, a species of tyranny which the Government of no free country dare attempt, and which conscienceless capitalists should not be permitted to exercise.



THE Victoria Club ball will take place on the evening of Friday, October 24th. The lady patronesses are Miss Mowat, Mrs. J. Bryce Kay, Mrs. W. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mrs. Plunkett Magann, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. J. D. McMurich, Mrs. F. J. Glackmeyer, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Lukes, Mrs. George McMurich, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, Mrs. S. A. Jones. The Executive Committee consists of Messrs. J. B. Kay, Harry Patterson, J. D. McMurich, H. T. McMillan, A. D. MacArthur, with Mr. A. H. C. Proctor, honorary secretary.

Mrs. W. H. Morrison, formerly Miss Nellie White, will hold her post-nuptial reception next Friday afternoon, October 17th, at her residence, 17 Chicora avenue, and will be at home each Friday afterwards during the season.

Mrs. Burgess will receive at 52 St. George street next Tuesday, and on each Tuesday during the season.

Miss Denzil gave a very pleasant reception yesterday afternoon at 62 St. George street, to a party of friends.

One of the pleasantest reunions of Race week was an evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davies at Chester Park on Friday in honor of some Southern visitors to Toronto. The party was almost a family affair, the large connection of the vice-president of the Jockey Club being sufficient to fill his hospitable home, and a very few friends beside, some of whom have also met the visitors during tours in the Bahamas and Southern States, were invited to renew or make acquaintance with these pleasant people. Mrs. Davies received in a handsome black gown, and seconded the cordial welcome of the master of Chester Park. An informal game of cards, some charming songs, and a very sumptuous supper, laid in the library and dining-room on tables crowned and strewn with American Beauty roses and loaded with good things, with a jolly dance to follow, was the attractive programme of a very enjoyable evening. The Italian orchestra furnished the music during the evening. Some of the guests beside the family party were Mrs. and Miss Holmes and Mr. Solomon of Nassau, the Misses Patterson of Todmorden, Mr. and Miss Ethel Taylor of Florshim, and Mr. Jack Reid.

On Tuesday afternoon, in St. Luke's Church, at three o'clock, took place the marriage of Miss Emily D'Ouchy Holden, daughter of Mrs. John Rose Holden of Hamilton, and Mr. Solomon Chester Kelley of Hartford, Conn. The bride was given away by Mr. William Laidlaw, K.C., from whose home she was married, and who also gave the wedding breakfast and reception. Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, during their residence in Hamilton, many years ago, were friends of the bride's parents, and took great pleasure in having her happy marriage celebrated under their auspices. The officiating clergy were Rev. Canon Sutherland and Rev. Napier Burns of Hamilton. Miss Holden was married in a very dainty gown of palest dove grey crepe de chine, with insertions and guimpe of fine white lace. She wore a white toque and veil, the chapeau touched with very pale pink, and carried a shower of white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Marion Laidlaw was bridesmaid in a lovely gown of crepe flowered with small roses and leaves, a rustic hat with a wreath of pink roses and foliage, and carrying a sheaf of American Beauty roses. Both the bride and her attendant were exceedingly sweet and attractive in their exquisite and simple array. A brother of the groom, Mr. M. Kelley, acted as best man. Messrs. Holden of London, Eng.,

Morson and Ardagh were the ushers, and Mr. Laidlaw brought in the bride. The choir and organist rendered a full choral service, and the chancel was beautifully decorated with white asters and ferns. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Morson, Mrs. Manly Kelley of Jamestown, N.Y., Mrs. Dignam and Lady Tullock, Mrs. Horatio Holden of Port Dover, Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Albert E. Holden, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. and Miss Ruth Fuller, Mrs. and Miss Zeta Kemp, Miss Morson. After the ceremony the bride and groom held a reception in Mrs. Laidlaw's drawing-room, which, with the hall and library, was done with roses, and afterwards the guests followed them to the dining-room, where a sweetly pretty table, done in white and silver, centered by a towering "gâteau des nocces" and decorated with splendid white mums, was surrounded by a merry company, to whom Canon Sutherland proposed the bride's health with the happy encomiums of an old friend. The guests heartily joined in his happily expressed good wishes, and everyone enjoyed the informal and delightful affair. The weather was simply perfect, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelley drove away to the late afternoon train, showered with rice and followed by every wish for their happiness. The bride's going-away gown was a trim costume of dark blue, with white yoke and neat little coat en suite, and a white and blue hat. Mr. Kelley is a successful and able business man in Wall street, and his home in Hartford is worthy of the very attractive mistress it has welcomed. Mrs. Holden, the bride's mother, wore a black velvet gown with fichu of point lace, and a smart bonnet of heliotrope and lace. Mrs. Morson, sister of the bride, wore black relieved with white, and a picture hat of black chiffon and long plume. Mrs. Hammond wore a richly appliqued cream canvas gown and a wrap of chin-chilla and Chantilly lace, with very smart chapeau and muff draped with Chantilly. Mrs. Fuller, in a dove grey gown and toque, and her graceful daughter in figured foulard, were both looking very well. Mrs. Dignam wore a handsome gown, and Lady Tullock was as sweet and girlish as ever, in palest blue with white, and a beaver hat shaded in dull rose and grey.

Mrs. William D'Espard held her first post-nuptial reception on Monday at her mother's home in Rosedale, and very sweet and bright she looked in her wedding gown of rich white satin and lace, through which her girlish neck and arms showed prettily. Miss Rosamund Fuller, in bridesmaid's array, assisted the little bride, her sister, and Miss Hay, Miss D'Espard, Miss Jeannette Fuller, Miss Muriel Smith and Miss Muriel Massey, a girlish coterie of very close friends in Rosedale, were in charge of the tea table, where the bride cake and many good things were enjoyed by the visitors. Mr. and Mrs. D'Espard are at 27 Wilton crescent for the winter, where Mrs. D'Espard receives on the third and fourth Mondays. Mrs. Fuller is going on a visit to her son in Montreal, and Miss Hirschfelder is going abroad. I hear that she has leased her home in Maple avenue.

Mrs. Mandeville Merritt is the guest of Mrs. Russell Baldwin, 36 Lowther avenue, and is to be in Toronto for the winter, her many friends are glad to learn.

The Princess has been the rendezvous of society this week to hear Sothern's new play, and the cosy theater was certainly opened with a very good attendance. Each evening has seen smart theater parties in stalls and boxes, for all the hospitably inclined seem to have visitors during the golf tournament which has been so favored by weather perfectly ideal. On Wednesday, several box parties were at the play, and the stalls were full of well-known people. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, who have been abroad all summer, Major Cockburn, V.C., Mr. and Mrs. James Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart and their guests the Misses Gartschore, Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mr. Charles Moss, Miss Buchan, Captain Kay, Mr. Wallace Helliwell, Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Lily McCarthy, Miss Bond of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Aura Bain, Mr. Andrew Darling, Mr. and Mrs. MacMurchy, were a few of the very smart audience on Wednesday. Next week will probably see just as good an attendance to welcome the ever fascinating and delightful Willard.

Mrs. J. J. King-mill is at 50 St. George street since her return from Lake Simcoe.

Among the bright parties of golfers who are making this week memorable in Toronto, the Ottawa contingent, including Mrs. Fleming, Miss Scott, and the bride of last season, Mrs. Hugh Fleming, who is the guest of Miss Langmuir in Parkdale, are facile princeps. Yesterday was marked as the great day of the week's golf, and the matches, all along so interesting, had their culmination too late for notice.

Mrs. Cattanauch and the Misses Cattanauch will be home this month. They sail from England on the sixteenth. Mrs. Delamere and Miss Denison are also on their way home. Mrs. Yates has returned to Montreal. Mrs. and Miss Pemberton are en pension with Mrs. Glass in Murray street. Mrs. and Miss Helen McMurich are home from England. Mrs. and Miss Cumberland have gone abroad to join Mr. Barlow Cumberland for some months' stay. Mr. Adam Creelman was down from Montreal for the close of Race week, and was greeted with pleasure by Toronto friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Stikeman are in town again, after their summer at the sea. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plummer have settled at 63 Madison avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler have removed to their new home in Rosedale. Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune are settled in their home, 125 Bedford road, after a summer spent out of town. Mr. Dudley Dawson has been transferred from Montreal to Toronto by the Dominion Bank.

Mrs. John Forbes Michie of 42 Wellington place is visiting friends in Bothwell. Captain and the Misses Michie are still with their mother, residing at the above address. Startling tales of a burglary at their home seem to have arisen from the raid by some sneak thieves made upon Westholme, the former residence of the late Miss Michie, and the rumor of their change of address from the confusion of names with that of Mrs. and the Misses Michie of Parkdale, who have recently taken up their residence on the East Side. Out of these two confusions quite a harmless sensation has been evolved, for which there is happily not the slightest foundation.

Any number of dinners have been given at the Toronto Golf Club and the Hunt Club this week. The evenings have been so fine and the growing moon so bright that these affairs have been particularly delightful.

Mrs. Arthur Evans has been on a visit of some duration to her people in Canada, having come out from India early in the summer. For the past fortnight she has been with her husband's family in Spadina avenue, who are very much disappointed that Mr. Evans' leave was interfered with unavoidably this summer, and therefore he was unable to leave his duties in India. Mrs. Evans looks very well, and is soon returning to India.

Mr. J. Knighton Chase, who made so many friends here during his visit to his sister, Mrs. Ham, in Jarvis street, sailed from London to India yesterday. Mr. Chase is one of the famous Hooghly pilots in the British service, of whom Kipling writes so finely in "From Sea to Sea."

Mrs. Dignam received in her new studio, 28 Toronto street, on Saturday. Over three hundred visitors found their way up to the studio flat. Lady Van Hoogenhouck Tullock was present, greeting old friends. The studio is commodious and filled with the things artists love to have around them, which Mrs. Dignam has gathered in many lands. Sketches of Holland and Venice adorned the walls, while a number

of finished pictures of Dutch interiors and river scenes and Venetian streets and well-known vistas were hung on the walls. Floral decorations of dark, rich-colored dahlias were arranged in vases, carrying out the deep rich coloring of the studio.

Mrs. Dignam will receive on Friday the 24th of this month, as her daughter, Lady Van Hoogenhouck Tullock, leaves on the 28th for New York, where she will spend a few days before sailing for Europe.

At high noon on October 8 was solemnized by Rev. Thomas Eakin, M.A., in St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, the marriage of Mr. Edward Frowd Seagram, eldest son of Mr. Joseph E. Seagram, M.P., Waterloo, and Miss Edna Irvine, only daughter of Mr. Alexander C. MacLaughlin of Guelph. The church was very handsomely decorated. The bride was gowned in ivory duchess satin, the skirt having a very effective trimming of pearls. The corsage, with yoke and sleeves of tucked chiffon, was trimmed with pearls, and was finished about the shoulders with a berthe of rare old lace. She wore the regulation veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, with trailing ends of maidenhair fern and smilax. The bridesmaids were gowned in china silk in three different shades, making a most charming rainbow effect. The dresses were trimmed with wide rose point pattern insertion, with ribbon of the same color strung through. They wore picturesque hats of white pearls, trimmed with panne velvet, and soft folds of crepe de chine, caught with pearl and steel buckles. The bridesmaids were Misses Georgina Nelles of Simcoe and Felicia Howitt in reseda green, Mary Tytler and Daisy Thurtell in white, and Kathleen Lockwood and Edith Maudslow of Toronto in pink. Marjorie Jones Jarvis, cousin of the bride, in a dainty gown of accordion-pleated china silk and large white chiffon hat, made a dainty flower girl, carrying a basket of chrysanthemums. The bouquets of the bridesmaids were of white chrysanthemums, tied with white ribbon. They wore handsome four-leaf-clover pins, paved with pearls, the gifts of the groom, which completed a most effective and artistic number of costumes. The best man was Mr. Joseph H. Seagram, brother of the groom, while the ushers were Messrs. D. Campbell MacLaughlin, brother of the bride; D. Shannon Bowlby and Norman Nicholson of Berlin, Norman Seagram of Winnipeg, and F. A. H. Sitwell of Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Vetquoy," the residence of the bride's parents, where a dainty dejeuner was served. Mr. and Mrs. Seagram left on the afternoon train for their wedding journey to Western points. The bride's going-away gown was of chestnut brown cloth, trimmed with Persian silk, with blouse of Persian silk, and toque of brown velvet, with bird of paradise and handsome white fox furs.

Captain Whitla of Niagara has returned home, after spending Race week in Toronto and attending the very smart wedding of October 1st.

Next week being Thanksgiving week, any items intended for this column must be sent in a day in advance to insure consideration, as Thursday will be the national holiday.

Mrs. Dickson Patterson expects her mother, Mrs. J. Hurdie Ravenshaw of London, on a visit. Mrs. Ravenshaw is now on her way to Canada.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock has been spending some weeks in New York.

Mrs. George Hodgins, who has been visiting her people at Elmley place, returned to New York this week.

The breaking up of the Niagara camp brought home many of our soldier men at the week's end, who would have been very welcome earlier at the Races. I caught a glimpse of Colonel Young of London in his scarlet one day, and Mrs. Young was also down from London, stopping with Mrs. Willie Gwynn in Rosedale. Mr. Douglas Young has been much welcomed at Stanley Barracks.

Mrs. Sheard's book, "A Maid of Many Moods," is a charming little story of the time of Shakespeare which is most cleverly worked out by the authoress. Everything about it is most refined and dainty, and appeals to those appreciative of a good thing. The book is but just published, and Mrs. Sheard's friends are delighted with it, while all our readers are proud of the fact that its authoress is a Canadian. It will be reviewed next week.

One of the most charming homes in Rosedale is that of Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, in Elm avenue. Taste and comfort are well combined in their home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason have returned with their family from Muskoka, where they have had so delightful a summer, not only for themselves but for the many friends who have enjoyed their rich hospitality. Chief's Island has a record equalled by few and eclipsed by none in this respect.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blackburn have taken up house at No. 16 Willcock street, the pretty residence formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong; Mr. Armstrong is at Mrs. Mead's; Mrs. and Miss Helen Armstrong are still abroad.

Mrs. Lockie of Queen's Park is visiting in Kingston. I understand that Mr. Bruce of the Sovereign Bank is not permanently located at Unionville, so that he may probably return later to Toronto. Dr. and Mrs. McLaughlin are settled at 54 College street, where Mrs. McLaughlin receives on the second and third Tuesdays in each month.

Mr. Harry O'Brien of Ottawa, who has been in town on a visit to his people, returned to the Capital on Monday.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are on their way home. The Premier is not at all well, and it is hoped the sea voyage will restore him.

A smart, pretty belt is the "cachet" to the fine lady's morning gown just now. The Julian Sale Company are making quite the most fetching belts of the season.

Mrs. Charles Rutan is boarding at 55 Howard street. Mrs. Norman Playfair is visiting Mrs. Playfair of Isabella street. Mrs. James Strathy and Miss Louise Strathy are sailing for Canada next week. Mrs. Buchan of Rosedale has taken Miss Wyndeat's house at 46 Cecil street.

Miss Houston of Niagara Falls is visiting Mrs. Stewart Houston. Mr. Stephen Haas returned from England and the Continent last Sunday. Mr. Wurtele of the Union Bank has come to the Toronto office. Mrs. George of England and Miss Boulton of New York were guests of honor at a luncheon at the Golf Club, given by their hostess, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, on Wednesday.

There was a meet of the hounds on Tuesday, a perfect day, though inclined to be warm. Last Saturday the Hunt Club had a special rendezvous at the club-house to be photographed in hunting togs.

Mrs. Jack Nesbitt of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt.

Mrs. MacMahon gave a very delightful small tea for some of the most feted guests in town this week.

Mrs. Morrison and Miss Emily Morrison have taken Mr. Strickland's house, 208 Huron street, for the winter.

Captain Crean is on leave from West Africa, and is spending some time in town with his people.

Mrs. Roberts (Jessie Alexander) is in town on a visit to her people in Robert street. She is, I hear, to recite at Massey Hall next week.



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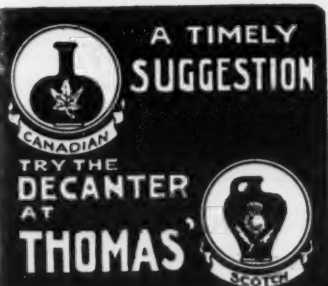
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## Social and Personal.

INVITATIONS are out to the marriage of Miss Gertrude Graham Stewart, elder daughter of the late A. D. Stewart, and niece of Colonel Otter, C.B., D.O.C., and Mr. Frederick William Lane. The ceremony will take place on Tuesday, October 28, at half-past two o'clock, in St. Paul's Church, Bloor street east. Mr. Lane is a young Irishman, a member of an old and prominent Dublin family, who came to Toronto some three or four years ago and opened an office here. I understand that he has recently purchased a nice place in Weston, where the young couple will make their home. Miss Stewart is a very popular and lovely girl, and her friends and admirers will join in most sincere good wishes to her. Mrs. Stewart will give a bridal reception to the wedding guests at her residence after the ceremony.

Mrs. Gzowski has been spending some time in Montreal, assisting her daughter, Mrs. Beaudry, to settle in her pretty new home.

Mrs. Dobie, one of the latest additions to the denizens of that charming residence, the St. George, held her first reception on Tuesday afternoon, and was welcomed to Toronto by many callers. Mr. and Mrs. Dobie have taken one of the cozy apartments at the St. George and are making many friends already. Miss Marion Barker poured tea for Mrs. Dobie, and the merry company of visitors included, beside the fair assistant, several other young ladies for whom the orange tree is budding.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. Oscar Bickford and Mr. Strathy are some of the residents in the St. George, where, I am told, there has not for some time been any chance of a vacancy. Those of us who have been for the last five years asserting that there was urgent need of high-class apartment houses in Toronto, are feeling satisfied with the justice of our remarks.

Captain Wyatt and his bride reached Toronto last week and took apartments at the Queen's. During race week a number of very bright and much-welcomed visitors in town were at the Queen's, and any number of smart people were popping in and out to call.

On Saturday, as so many hoped, the weather was perfect for the closing day of the O.J.C. Fall Meet. The president and officers gave a luncheon, even more delightful than on the opening day. Mr. Hendrie had Miss Mowat on his right and Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn on his left, and a representative party of Toronto's social world was seated at the president's table and the two long tables springing from it, while some ultra-smart little coterie preferred the cosy group which several small round tables made possible. Flowers of autumn and plenty of bunting were used decoratively, a statue of King Edward was set at the west end of the banquet hall, and the beautiful Queen stood politely behind the president, who rarely turns his back on so lovely a lady. Some of the guests of the Jockey Club on Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Mrs. Buchanan, Chief Justice Armour, Captain and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert, Mrs. and Miss Davies of Chester Park, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Davies, Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Barwick, Mrs.

Punkett Magann, Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, Major Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. D. King Smith, Mr. Angus Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Burritt, Mr. Roddy Pringle, Messrs. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dixon, and among out-of-town guests were Miss Kay of Brookline, Mr. Solomon of Nassau, Mr. Adley of New Orleans, Mr. Bourne of Baltimore, Mr. and the Misses Holmes of Nassau, Miss Meyers of Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Connors of New Orleans. Among the more striking of many fine gowns, which the brilliant day showed off to great advantage, were several toilettes of black and white, foremost among which I remarked that worn by Mrs. Bradney, a sister of Mrs. R. A. Smith, and now her guest. Mrs. Bradney's gown was of white lace inset on a black velvet jupe, and an upper dress of white and black lace silk and ribbon, quite too effective for words. A drooping plume in a very becoming black hat shaded the visitor's very attractive face. Miss Thomson wore a triple skirt of bright tan cloth, and a long basque, with a huge white boa and hat, and looked very smart. Mrs. Smith wore also black and white, and a gray boa, and looked very well indeed. This group of three fine looking sisters would have been complete indeed had only kind fate sent winsome Mrs. Krell to make a fourth. A dashing little hat and gown and deep ruby red were worn to perfection by Mrs. Magann, exactly suiting her petite brunette beauty. Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill wore a dull rose costume, the sheath skirt, which is disastrous on a short person, being admirably worn by this graceful and tall lady, and the gown being relieved with straps of black and white. Mrs. Willie Despard (nee Fuller), a fair-haired bride, wore a costume of Prussian blue cloth, with white vest and strapping, piped with white. Miss Kay, Mrs. Barwick's guest, wore pink crepe, and a loose overcoat of bisquit silk. Mrs. Charles Ritchie was in a handsome fawn gown, and brought a tall, pretty young daughter, who will be one of the season's debutantes. Mrs. Alfred Wright wore a very smart and dainty gown, and Mrs. W. C. Fox also looked very well in a rich dark costume. Mrs. George Macdonald was in black and white. Mrs. Riddell, whom her friends welcome with much pleasure, wore a lovely mouse-gray dress richly trimmed, with a soft cloud of a marabou collar and a gray and white turban. Mrs. Simpson of Bowmansville, who went with her, was in black, a lace coat over white, and a jetted toque, and was also much admired. Miss Davies, who had just returned from Listowel, wore a very dainty girlish gown and smart hat. Miss Violet Gooderham looked stunning in pale gray, and Miss Lily Lee, whose frocks are always smart, wore a white and tan costume very effectively. A deep brown costume, with white gilet and a wide-brimmed hat, was worn by that fascinating lady, Mrs. George Cooke, who, with her husband, was a guest at Canaan and much congratulated over the victory of Ontario and some lucky "long shots." Mrs. Henry Osborne wore a dull green cloth costume, relieved with white. Mrs. Melfort Boulton looked stunning in black satin and a modish Lory silk turban. Those pretty young matrons, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. Alice Mackenzie, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. George Mitchell and Mrs. Gus Burritt, also looked exceedingly nice. Mrs. Walter Barwick wore a gown of bright tan cloth on one afternoon and a lovely gray frock on another. Miss Buchanan wore black, with a huge white bow, and a smart little hat. Miss Athol Boulton and Miss Birdie Warren were lovely, and always the center of an adoring coterie. Miss Warren was the guest of honor at a pretty farewell dinner at the Hunt Club on Saturday evening, as she left for England this week. Judge Finkle was down from Woodstock for Saturday's races. Colonel Smith of London was also down last week for several days. Lieutenant Macgee was also a visitor to the Woodbine.

The graduating exercises of the nurses at Grace Hospital took place on Thursday evening, October 9, at 8 o'clock. Argyle Place, the home of Colonel and Mrs. D. D. Campbell of Listowel, was the scene of a smart wedding, when their daughter Minnie was married to Mr. F. C. Williams of the Public Institutions Department, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Murray, Kincaidine, in the large drawing-room, which was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and autumn leaves. At five o'clock the wedding party entered the room. Miss M. Scott playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The bride wore a handsome gown of white duchess satin, with a Honiton lace bertha and trimmings of chiffon applique. Her bridal veil was caught up with orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. Miss Nellie Campbell, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a becoming gown of white voile, with ecru lace trimming. Her gift from the groom was a watch and chateleine pendant. The little flower-girl was Miss Iris Bastedo, niece of the bride. In a dainty white silk gown, and carrying in each hand a bouquet of white roses to which was attached a white satin streamer, she looked very sweet, as she preceded the bride, forming an aisle for them. The bridesmaids were Miss Delia Davies, Toronto, who wore a pale blue voile gown, with Honiton lace trimmings, and Miss Margaret Sutherland, whose gown was a pale green crepe de chine, with ecru lace trimmings. Both bridesmaids carried bouquets of red roses tied with red satin ribbon, and each wore a gift from the groom—a silver chain and vinaigrette. Miss Scott's gift from the groom was a silver chain and memo tablet, and the flower-girl's was a silver bracelet. The groomsmen were Mr. Aikens, Toronto, and the ushers were Mr. Dufferin D. Campbell and Mr. P. W. Stanhope, Toronto. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold locket and chain. Directly after the wedding ceremony Mrs. Bastedo, who wore a gown of navy blue crepe de voile over pale blue taffeta, with ecru lace insertion, sang the Wedding Song from "Lohengrin." Mrs. D. D. Campbell, the bride's mother, wore a handsome gown of black silk grenadine over mauve taffeta, with applique trimmings, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. In the room where the wedding deleuner was served the decorations were in red, the color scheme throughout being most effective. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left on the evening train, the bride going away in a suit of navy blue zebeline cloth, with trimmings of navy blue applique over white, and a becoming hat to match.

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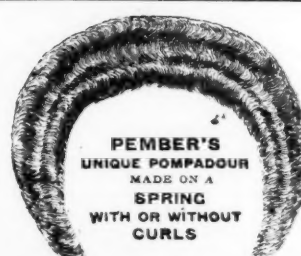
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Synopsis of Installments I. to IV.—In installment I. describes the meeting at a country inn, under sensational circumstances, of a man and woman. The former, Astley Darwen, is ill with a gunshot wound; his companion is rendered unconscious by the water from which he has rescued her, and seems wishful to keep her identity hidden. They part, to meet again in an Oxford drawing-room, where Astley discovers that the lady of the adventure, Norma Bascot, is beautiful—an heiress—and said to be engaged to her cousin. Time goes on. One afternoon Norma starts Astley by asking: "Would you marry a girl, not really, but at a registry office, to set her free?" Strange as the proposition is, it results in an affirmative answer: Norma's relatives are so incensed against her that she goes to her husband's hotel, meeting a strange woman on the way. Astley tells his wife that he had been married before, and that divorce proceedings had only been stayed owing to Lottie's sudden death. Astley promises to call on the Bascots, and on his failing to do so, Norma returns to the hotel to find that he has gone. Norma is now greeted, as Lady Darwen, and feels what a terrible mistake she has made in binding Astley's life to hers.

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

To Mrs. Bascot and Robert this affectionate greeting between Astley and Norma seemed natural enough, and devoid of any peculiar significance. Husband and wife met in new circumstances, and both were affected and inclined to be silent. No inkling of the strange truth came into the mind of either Mrs. Bascot or her son, as they chirped and twittered about their guest, receiving him in a much more warm-hearted fashion than would have been the case if he had not come into a baronetcy and a fortune since they had met him last.

But he was anxious to speak with Norma alone, and he soon made the excuse of his journey to get away from the embarrassing attentions of his hosts. "I've only an hour," said he, with a glance at his watch. "You'll meet me with me as far as the station, Norma?"

She bowed her head in assent, and at once went to put on her hat.

When they went silently out into the street together, after Astley's farewell to the others, it was he who recovered his self-possession first.

"Your aunt's very kind, but it was rather embarrassing to me to be wondering, as I couldn't help doing, how she would have received me if—well, if things hadn't turned out as they have done," said he, gravely at last.

"It was dreadful, dreadful," she whispered, as she kept pace with his slow, lame steps, "to have to sit there and listen to her twaddle, and to wonder when I should have a chance of speaking to you. Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

Astley laid his hand very gently on her arm. The street was almost deserted; it was a raw, bitter January afternoon; they were almost as well able to converse as if they had been miles in the country or shut up in a room.

"Forgive you? What for?" said he, in his easy, half-amused tone, the very tone she had sometimes reproached him with, when she wondered whether he could ever take anything seriously.

"I've spoiled your life," almost moaned Norma. "In my selfish wish to get free myself I've put a chain upon you for life. I didn't see what I was doing as I see it now. Oh, why did you let me do it? Why didn't you stop me?"

"There, there, don't be silly. It was of my own free will I did what I did. We know very well we might not have done it if we had known exactly what was going to happen, but what's the use of worrying one's head about that now?"

Norma stopped short.

"You take it beautifully," said she fervently, "as you take everything, as I might have known you would take this. But oh! You ought to have let me do—do what I wanted to do, you know when—that first day you met me."

Her voice had sunk to a low, shamefaced whisper, her face was distorted with the strength of the emotion from which she was suffering.

Astley drew her hand through his arm, and patted it consolingly.

"Look here," said he, "you're a very wicked, ill-regulated little girl, and a terrible handful for anybody. I think it's a lucky thing you've got into the hands of someone who won't give way to your caprices, but who means to rule you with a rod of iron."

A stifled sob escaped Norma's lips.

"Oh, I'll do whatever you wish, whatever you tell me to," she hastened to say eagerly. "Only tell me, and I'll do it without a murmur, really, really."

She lifted a tear-stained, miserable face to his. Astley was touched.

"Even supposing I were to tell you to stay on at your aunt's, and make yourself as charming to her as you can," said he, half playfully.

"Yes, yes, that or anything."

"And that I were to require you to promise not to mope?"

"Yes, yes, I'll do my best to keep my promise, in any way. But—" she hesitated, and suddenly tried to withdraw her hand. Astley would not suffer this. "But—if I'm to stay on here," she went on quickly, after a short, breathless pause, "will you—will you—is it asking too much—will you come and see me sometimes, just for a few minutes—I'd meet you at the station any time, if you didn't want to see them—as you were passing through between London and Lancashire?"

Her voice was broken and hoarse. Astley was inexpressibly touched.

"Why, how can you ask such a thing?" said he warmly. "Do you really think I mean to leave you all alone, to the tender mercies of the Bascots? No, no. Besides, have you considered what they would think, if I went up to Lancashire, and you stayed on here?"

Norma groaned.

"I haven't thought of anything," she murmured brokenly. "I've just—worried!"

whom Astley had married, and who had treated him so ill.

## CHAPTER VIII.

During the whole of the drive to Darwen Haigh, Norma was suffering so terribly from nervous distress that she could scarcely give reasonable attention to the remarks Astley made.

He was nervous, too, and both were too fully conscious of the difficulties of their extraordinary relation to each other not to feel a diffidence about discussing them.

The road seemed unspeakably dreary to Norma, who had never been in the bleak north country before. As the carriage clattered through the streets of Blackdale, a typical Lancashire town, with rows of bare stone houses, and with a distant view of tall factory chimneys in the background, she thought to herself that it was not surprising that the late Sir Hugh had preferred his yacht and his London hotel to the dreary spot where his home lay.

This feeling was intensified when they had passed through the town, and were driving along a straight, hedgeless road towards Darwen Haigh. At last she was fain to express what she thought.

"How dreary it all looks!" she said with a shudder, after a glance out of the carriage window at the smoke clouds which hung over a ridge of hills in the distance.

Astley, who was little less gloomy than she, shrugged his shoulders with a depressed little nod.

"And yet," he said, "the country must have been pretty enough at one time. It's broken up; you get plenty of hills and dales and streams. But since cotton took possession of the place there's a blackness over it all, a sort of veil that dims the colors and stains the very sky."

"And the cottages—they're so hard-looking, and bare, and all exactly alike. And the people—they look rougher than the people down in the south, don't they?"

"They're a good sort, though, for all that," said Astley. "I think you'll like them when you know them. At least I hope you will."

Norma shot a frightened glance at him. Did he mean that she was to stay at his Lancashire home? She dared not ask a question about it, but she felt that Astley was quite as much perturbed as she was herself. One other thing she noticed too; he looked pale and fatigued.

After a little hesitation, she said shyly: "Aren't you very tired?"

Astley leaned back in his corner. "Very," said he. "To tell you the truth, I've felt tired out, thoroughly knocked up and fit for nothing, ever since poor old Hugh died. You see it all came upon me so suddenly, the worry and the work, before I was quite myself after my illness."

"Yes, I see," murmured Norma in the softest of soft voices.

She spoke so gently that Astley looked at her and smiled.

"You must be tired, too," said he. "She shook her head. 'I'm never tired. Aunt says I'm as strong as a horse.'"

Astley looked at the delicate features and smiled.

"It's the last thing one would think of you," he said.

And then there was silence again until they reached the lodge gates of Darwen Haigh, and drove through the long avenue of now leafless trees up to a big, bare stone house, with the same gloomy black film over it that Norma had already remarked over the rows of cottages.

In the portico stood a disagreeable-looking elderly servant, who had been butler there so long that he resented a change of masters, if he did not look upon himself as master and upon Astley as a tolerated visitor. He had small black side whiskers, and a long-suffering expression of face. Norma felt, the moment she saw him, that he resented her own coming, and was filled with suspicion regarding her.

She had the same impression when, on entering the great, bare, comfortable hall, to which even a roaring fire in the hooded fireplace imparted little warmth, she was met by a curtsying housekeeper, a stout, red-faced woman of middle age, in the inevitable black silk dress and massive gold brooch, who was presented to her as "Mrs. Griffiths."

Mrs. Griffiths was condescending, ceremonious and stately. Lady Darwen (Norma started when Astley called her by this name) was nervous, frightened and almost humble. She tried not to move too fast for her dignity when the ordeal of presentation was over, and she was ceremoniously inducted, after ascending a wide and draughty staircase, and traversing a wider and more draughty corridor, into an enormous bedroom, where a frowning four-poster, with mediaeval hangings, seemed to scout the idea of sleep or repose.

Refusing all offers of assistance from the head housemaid, who was as thin as a lath, she sat down on the edge of the bed.

Good thing some men are married. Their wives keep a sensible watch over them, and have a way to help overcome their troubles.

Mr. E. Lewis of Shaniko, Ore., was located for several years at various points in South America, and fell into the native custom of frequently drinking coffee. He says: "I took to using it the same as these nervous, excitable people in South and Central America. They make very black coffee, and it becomes more or less an intoxicating beverage. At the end of about four months, I began having severe sick headaches and nervousness, but supposed it was from the tropical sun. At last my wife became alarmed at my headaches and stomach trouble. She tried to induce me to quit drinking coffee, laying my trouble to that, but I continued to use it."

"She read of Postum Food Coffee, and ordered some from the States, but kept it a secret from me. The very first time she made it, when I came in for my coffee and roll, I noticed that peculiar, pleasant flavor of Postum, and asked her what it was. She said it was a new brand of coffee, and asked me how I liked it. I tried two cups of it, with rich 'Leche-de-Chena,' which is used by everyone as milk in Panama, and thought it excellent. After a couple of days, my headaches stopped, and in a short while my nervousness disappeared, as if by magic. I have been using nothing but Postum for the past year, and have been completely cured, and my wife has also been cured of constipation by changing to Postum, and we shall never go back to coffee again."

"What's the matter?" asked Astley.

Norma was looking at a ladylike woman, neatly dressed in black, who had just walked away from the bookshelf with a paper in her hand.

"That lady," said Norma in a low voice "reminds me of the one who came into your hotel at Oxford, and whom I fancied I saw following you."

"What?" asked Astley, with sudden pallor.

"Oh, it's not the same woman," explained Norma hastily. "But there's something indefinable about her that reminds me of her."

Astley did not recover his color.

"A fancy only," he said, with a slight frown. "That's Mrs. Wharles, the doctor's wife."

Norma was sorry for the associations she had inadvertently called up in his mind. For she remembered that Mrs. Wharles was the sister of the woman

and gaunt as the housekeeper was stout, and quite as forbidding-looking, Norma shut herself into the huge apartment, and looked round her with a shiver.

It seemed to her the biggest room she had ever been in, and the most uninviting. The walls were covered with dingy old tapestry, which suggested to Norma nothing but nightmare; the furniture was heavy, cumbersome and shabby, and the window curtains and bed hangings, though more modern than the tapestry on the walls, was sombre-looking and heavy, too. There was a fire in the grate, but it appeared to Norma as if most of the heat went up the old-fashioned chimney.

When she walked to the windows, of which there were three, she found the outlook as dispiriting as the innlook. Bare fields, divided from the lawn of the house by a patch of scrubby orchard, stretched away to a ridge in the distance, which ran in a rocky bed, bounded on the other side by a row of bleak hills. There were factory chimneys within sight on either hand, and there was the heavy black smoke cloud over all.

Decidedly this was the most depressing locality she had ever been in: and the supersensitive Norma wondered how she could ever have been so mad and wicked as to contemplate self-destruction in the comfortable midlands, when such awful places as the cotton towns and their environs existed upon the earth!

She sat down in an unwieldy armchair almost in the middle of the room, and stared around her in a sort of mental torpor for nearly twenty minutes, at the end of which time there came a sharp knock at her door, and Astley's cheerful voice sang out from the corridor outside:

"Are you still up here? May I come in?"

She jumped up and rushed eagerly to the door, and then suddenly checked herself with her fingers upon the handle. There she stood for a moment hesitating, with a hot blush on her face, until the handle was softly turned, and Astley's face appeared peeping at her, with an amused smile on it.

"I may come in, mayn't I?" he whispered.

She slunk away from the door to the middle of the room without a word, and Astley came in and threw himself into the unwieldy arm-chair. She noticed that he limped more than ever, and again she was struck by the extreme pallor of his face. The sight cured her self-consciousness, and she came quickly up to him.

"You're overtired," she said anxiously.

"You'll be ill again if you don't take care."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," panted she.

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- 800 pieces of the Famous Bobbin Brussels has come to us from a leading English manufacturer, who did not wish to place them on the home market. The same quality of Brussels is usually sold at \$1.25 a yard; we bought this lot to enable us to sell them at 90c. Small patterns prevail—suitable for halls, libraries and bedrooms.
- We recommend Axminster carpets for drawing-rooms rather than Brussels, and have over 75 patterns to select from—beautiful verdure self-color effects in rose, greens, and blues, and also some beautiful designs after the style of Oriental rugs.
- The Royal Albert Axminster has, perhaps, no equal for hard wear. We can always recommend it.
- The silky worsted Victorian Axminster is a carpet made in fine delicate tones for the most luxurious drawing-rooms. We have a few lines of Victorian Axminster to clear at \$1.75 that were \$3.25.
- This season we have gone in for 4-4 stair carpets in Axminster. These are used to match Oriental rugs in lower halls.
- Our seamless Axminster Carpets are made in colors and designs to correspond with the decorations of the home and are sold at \$6.50, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.50 and \$12.50 square yard.
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- Axminster Rugs, 10x6, \$30.00; 12x9, \$35.00; 13x6, \$10.6, \$45.00; and up to \$12.50 per square yard.
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ed he. "I do feel this rushing about after the quiet time I had at it at Oxford. I've been thinking—if I were taken very ill, what on earth would you do?"

She sat down promptly in a little chair, which was near the one in which he sat, and said, looking earnestly in his face, "What should I do? Why, stay here and take care of you, of course!"

His pale face grew a little less pale, as he met her eyes.

"Would you? That's nice of you. I've been thinking about you, and feeling so sorry for you, as often as I've had a chance of thinking of anything since poor Hugh died."

Norma leaned forward a little, and said in a low voice:

"But you're not to think about me, at least not to worry yourself. You don't understand how I feel. There, I won't say much now, because I don't want to make you talk; but I must just say this: I feel your kindness to me so deep, I feel so grateful to you as the one creature who's been good to me, really good and kind, since my poor mother died, that whatever were to happen to me now, I should just take things quietly, thankful for having had the one experience of true goodness in the world."

She spoke in a very low voice, putting such strong constraint upon herself that the nails of her clasped hands dug into her flesh.

But there was a passionate thrill in her voice which made her simple words eloquent, and touched a sympathy chord in Astley's heart.

He put out his hand and laid it firmly on both hers.

"There's a good, good girl," said he. "I'm glad we've had these few words together. So it's settled then, that you stay up here, eh?"

Norma looked at him with the blood rushing into her face. Then she looked down again.

"If you wish," said she, in a low voice. "I do wish it most emphatically. It's the only thing to be done. People would think it very odd of you if you were to run away now, when they know I'm not very well, wouldn't they?"

"Yes," whispered Norma, still with her eyes down. There was a pause, and then she said, "You meant me to stay then, when you asked me to come?"

"Yes. But I wouldn't frighten you by telling you so till I'd got you up here," said he with a laugh. "I'm afraid you don't care for the place much now you've come."

"It isn't a very lively place," she suggested modestly.

"It isn't at all lively. It's precious dull. And your room? do you like that?"

Norma hesitated.

"I don't much like the dragons and giants on the walls," she said humbly.

Astley affected horror.

"Not like our four-centuries-old tapestry! The pride of the Haighs!" cried he. "My dear child, for heaven's sake don't let Mrs. Griffiths or Martin hear you say so. I suppose you'll be grumbling about our best bedstead next!"

Norma glanced at the cumbersome piece of furniture in question.

"It's rather high," she said meekly. "I've never seen one that you had to go up steps to before!"

"That's the beauty of it," exclaimed Astley. "People come miles to see the furniture in this room. It's the oldest in the county. They say it ought to be put in a museum."

"I shouldn't much mind if it was!" piped out Norma in a small voice which set Astley laughing.

"You've no gratitude," said he. "I said this room was to be prepared for you, because I thought you'd find it interesting, and because the view's better than in the front of the house. There you can see nothing but trees."

"Is it worse than this?" said Norma, with intentional lugubriousness, because she saw that she was amusing him.

He got up slowly and held on for a moment by the back of the chair.

"Much worse," laughed he. "And now I'll let you have a little peace. I thought," he added hurriedly, looking at the fire, "that I'd better come and see how you were getting on, so—so that nobody would think we weren't good friends, you know?"

"Oh, yes, yes," agreed Norma breathlessly, also looking at the fire.

"Haven't they brought you a cup of tea?" said he, as he limped across the hearthrug to the bell. "Tell them to bring you one, and try to get warm."

"It's you who ought to do that," said Norma anxiously. "You keep shivering."

"Yes, I always catch cold directly I come to this beastly old draughty house."

whose voice was so sweet and who rode so well to hounds, was already the object of her ardent jealousy. That Astley should be so anxious to visit her immediately after his arrival at once became a vivid sorrow. Astley saw that she was perturbed, but he supposed it was at his remissness in not having explained his position to the neighbors more clearly.

As Norma turned away to the window, he walked to the door. But she heard a shuffling, uncertain sound, and looked round just in time to fly across the room and support him as he stumbled into a chair.

With a face alight with tender kindness, and with gentle hands, Norma drew his head on to her shoulder, and whispered: "You mustn't go out again to-day."

"I suppose not," answered he in a weak voice. "I'm too giddy and stupid."

"We must send for the doctor," said she anxiously.

Astley lifted his head and frowned.

"Wharles!" said he. "I hate the beast!"

"It can't be helped. He must come," said Norma firmly.

And then there was a knock at the door, and Martin, the head housemaid, answered the summons Astley had given.

She looked startled when she saw her master's white face and blue lips.

He sprang up and staggered to the door trying to laugh. Norma ran with him, insisting that he should lean on her. But he shook his head, and disengaged himself from her arm, telling her he was too heavy a load for such a slender little creature as she was.

"Here, Martin, lend me your shoulder," said he. "And you, Norma, go and have a cup of tea, and don't look so frightened, child. I'm all right, all right."

With a reassuring nod to her, he went away with Martin, leaving poor Norma half crazy with grief and misery.

"He won't let me help him! He won't lean on my arm! He hasn't really forgiven me—and he never will!" sobbed the poor creature to herself as she shut herself in her great, lonely room.

She sent herself for Dr. Wharles, and when she had seen him drive up in his gig and had heard him go upstairs to his patient, she walked up and down the wide corridor to meet him on his way out.

When the door of the bedroom opened at last, Norma looked at the doctor with a good deal of interest, to find out what it was in him which had so prejudiced Astley against him.

Dr. Wharles was a tall, dark, broad-shouldered, fresh-colored man about thirty years of age, with black hair, blue eyes, a silky long mustache, and a smiling look of self-complacency on his features.

He passed for the handsomest man in that part of the county, and appeared to be not unaware of the fact.

He greeted Norma with a bow of the deepest respect, rather more demonstratively than a London man would have done.

"Lady Darwen?" said he. "I'm very happy to have the pleasure and honor of making your acquaintance."

Norma shook hands with him, understanding as she did so how his rather swaggering provincial manner must grate upon Astley, but not otherwise predisposed against the good-looking man.

"Tell me what you think, is Sir Astley really ill?" she asked anxiously.

"I wish I could say no, your ladyship. But unfortunately it is true that he is very feverish, and that he must take the greatest care of himself. I've ordered him to bed at once; and I think he had better not be left to-night without someone on the watch. But he is rather touchy on this point, and declines to be treated as an invalid. You, however, with your sex's tact, will, I doubt not, overcome this difficulty."

"I'll try," said Norma, as she accompanied the doctor down the wide, bare-looking marble staircase, which seemed to strike cold to the feet through the thick pile carpet.

"I think I'll write him out a prescription," said Dr. Wharles as they reached the bottom stair.

Norma reddened a little, not knowing the house, or in which direction to go for a pen and ink. The doctor understood.

"May we go into the study here?" asked he, as he pointed to a door in the hall.

Norma accompanied him into a cosy room, not too large, and differing in character from what she had seen of the rest of the house. The furniture was newer; there was more of it, and the room was filled with a man's mementoes.

"The late Sir Hugh's sanctum this was," said Dr. Wharles, as he played a chair for Norma with elaborate politeness, and then proceeded to write out his prescription.

"I understand that it was in Oxford that Sir Astley had the good fortune to meet you, Lady Darwen," said he, as he put down the pen.

Norma, who perceived under his manner that he had something to say to her, assented.

"I have been there myself," said he. "Lovely place. I like the Midlands. My own wife comes from there, from Leamington. You know, of course, that Sir Astley and I married sisters?"

He paused a few moments longer, and then said frankly:

"Your ladyship, it is true that I have had doubts; but they are doubts only. But if you wish it, I will go to Leamington myself, and make the doubts certain one way or the other. Speak the word: am I to go?"

The room seemed to swim round Norma. She dared not answer. Holding fast to the chair by which she was standing, she held out her hand as if to beg for a minute's grace.

(To be continued.)

### Few People Realize

The Danger in That Common Disease, Catarrh.

Because catarrhal diseases are so common, and because catarrh is not rapidly fatal, people too often overlook and neglect it until some incurable ailment develops as a result of the neglect.

The inflamed condition of the membrane of the nose and throat makes a fertile soil for the germs of Pneumonia and Consumption; in fact, catarrhal pneumonia and catarrhal consumption are the most common forms of these dreaded diseases which annually cause more than one quarter of the deaths in this country.

Remedies for catarrh are almost as numerous as catarrh sufferers, but very few have any actual merit as a cure, the only good derived being simply a temporary relief.

There is, however, a very effective remedy recently discovered which is rapidly becoming famous for its great value in relieving and permanently curing all forms of catarrhal diseases, whether located in the head, throat, lungs or stomach.

This new catarrh cure is principally composed of a gum derived from the Eucalyptus tree, and this gum possesses extraordinary healing and antiseptic properties. It is taken internally in the form of a lozenge or tablet, pleasant to the taste, and so harmless that little children take them with safety and benefit.

Eucalyptus oil and the bark are sometimes used, but are not so convenient nor so palatable as the gum.

Undoubtedly the best quality is found in Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which may be found in any drug store, and any catarrh sufferer who has tried douches, inhalers and liquid medicines will be surprised at the rapid improvement after a few days' use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which are composed of the gum of the Eucalyptus tree, combined with other antiseptics which destroy the germs of catarrh in the blood and expel the catarrhal poison from the system.

Dr. Ramsdell, in speaking of Catarrh and its cure, says: "After many experiments I have given up the idea of curing catarrh by the use of inhalers, washes, salves or liquid medicines. I have always had the best results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; the red gum and other valuable antiseptics contained in these tablets make them, in my opinion, far superior to any of the numerous catarrh remedies so extensively advertised. The fact that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold in drug stores, under protection of a trade mark, should not prejudice conscientious physicians against them, because their undoubted merit and harmless character make them a remedy which every catarrh sufferer may use with perfect safety and the prospect of a permanent cure."

For colds in the head, for croup, for catarrhal deafness and catarrh of the stomach and liver, people who have tried them say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are a household necessity.

Curious Bits of News.

A new departure is about to be made by the North-Western Railway, with headquarters in Chicago. The plan is to equip every freight and passenger train with emergency chests containing splints, cotton bandages, antiseptics, restoratives, etc., and to open a school of instruction in first aid to the injured.

The Norfolk, Virginia, "Pilot," says that the proverbial hard head of a negro given a very complete rest in a recent street brawl in that city. A 32-calibre pistol ball was fired at a distance of twenty feet squarely into the middle of William Everhardt's forehead, and after breaking the skin, flattened itself against the bone. Everhardt ran to police headquarters, a block away, and asked that the ball be extracted.

Homes for animals are coming to be a feature of every center of civilization. The latest to report the establishment of one of these humane affairs is Chicago, and it is being supported handsomely by voluntary contributions. Perhaps it would not be far out of the way to allude to these animal rescue leagues as animal intelligence offices, since they so often bring about the placing of a poor but worthy dog, whose owner neglects or refuses to pay his license, in the hands of a person who does appreciate him sufficiently to pay the necessary sum for his keeping. Failing to find homes for dogs because of their sickness or old age, these societies put them to death humanely and intelligently, and so place them beyond the reach of cold, hunger and abuse.

In the graveyard at Windham, Me., Charles H. Hunnewell has set up an extraordinary monument. In the middle of the lot he has set up on a brick case a large iron open fireplace, with the long crane hanging in the upper part. "This fireplace did duty for years in the old Hunnewell house, which is still occupied by Mr. Hunnewell and his family," says the Keenebeck "Journal." The old bricks in front of the fireplace are the ones originally used in the house, as are the andirons which impart to this strange monument such a—if the word is permissible in this connection—hospitable look. The frame which is inserted in this great open fireplace contains a printed record of eight generations of Hunnewells, or from 1654 to November 1, 1901, a period of 247 years. In addition, the frame contains—surrounding the family record on all sides—pictures of some of the oxen, cows, hogs and poultry owned by Mr. Hunnewell, and which drew prizes at the fairs. There is also a large picture representing a farm scene in seven parts, and one group picture of various domestic animals.

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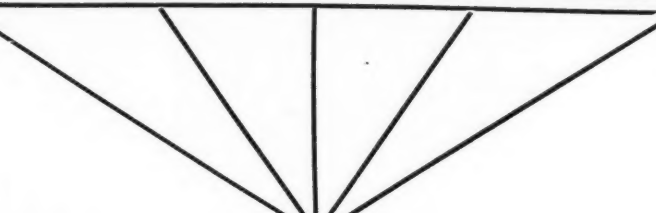
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### The Book Worm

THE Rev. Egerton R. Young, one of the best known missionaries of the Canadian North-West and author of "On the Indian Trail," "The Apostle of the North," etc., has just published through the Fleming H. Revell Company another book dealing with a phase of his experiences in the silent, snow-buried wildernesses of the far north. "My Dogs in the Northland" is the name of the volume. In reality it is a series of character studies of dogs. To animal lovers generally, and to that large class of persons who are dog-lovers, Mr. Young's stories of Jack, Cuffy, Voyageur, Rover, Kimo, Muff and his other four-footed allies, are certain to be interesting. In his work among the Indians west of Hudson's Bay, Mr. Young had to rely much upon dogs for transportation. His experiences with Eskimo and St. Bernard dogs in sledge travel covered many years. His stories sometimes smack of the apocryphal, yet we are not prepared to say that everything he has set down is not within the facts. Even if he has laid on the colors rather thick in places, the reader will not be disposed to quarrel with the effects. Writers of animal stories, to say nothing of great travelers and returned missionaries, must be allowed some poetic license. Otherwise, how should we have any real four-footed heroes or any interesting books of travel and adventure? Some of Mr. Young's most marvelous relations are from the reader's point of view his best—for example, "Voyageur the Matchless Leader" and "Voyageur the Broken Hearted."

The book is well bound and illustrated, and is to retail at \$1 a copy.

Canadian work is to the fore in "Outing" for October. Marston Pogue contributes a story, "The Back Track," which is sure to attract the average reader. Edwyn Sandys, Norman Duncan and A. C. Laut are also leading contributors to this number.

The review of the quarter's literature, contributed by Mr. Frank Jewett Mathew, Jr., to the October-December "Forum," takes special note of "The Kentons" and "The Virginian," and the biographies of George Eliot and Hazlitt by Stephen and Birrell respectively. Professor W. P. Trent reviews Mr. Herbert Paul's book on Matthew Arnold, recently added to the English Men of Letters series. His criticism is, on the whole, adverse. Mr. Paul, he believes, "did not fully recognize the importance of his task and conscientiously set about its accomplishment."

Andrew Lang has finished the second volume of his "History of Scotland," and it is to be published before the end of the year.

"Donahoe's Magazine" for October is a fine number. The cover is an exquisite

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piece of photography from clay-modeling, the central portion of the design being a medallion portrait in bas-relief of Pope Leo XIII. An article that will attract particular attention and be enjoyed by every reader with "a drop of the Irish" in his veins is one entitled "Some Irish Social Characteristics," by the Rev. J. J. O'Mahoney.

Mrs. Max Muller's biography of her husband, which is coming out this autumn, will be in two volumes.

Alfred Wilson Barrett, son of the eminent English actor, has taken up literature. He went to London less than twelve months ago from a New Zealand farm, where he lived for five years, and two novels by him have appeared during the past year. A third, entitled "The French Master," is on the way. He is also collaborating with Austin Fryers on a story to be entitled "The Man With the Opals." They likewise have in hand a play tentatively entitled "La Marquise," which Wilson Barrett is to produce.

Professor E. Masson of Victoria University has resumed his classes in French. Telephone, North 1648.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## The Drama

JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY narrowly missed writing a great play in "If I Were King." He did not succeed in writing a great play—he fell a little short of it. And he fell short because he had his eye on sensational and melodramatic effects. This seduced him from the path of the probable and the plausible, with the result that here and there his people are puppets, moved arbitrarily for the purpose of effecting a climax—saying things and doing things for which no good and sufficient motive can be assigned, outside the mere invention of the dramatist. "If I Were King" is a great play—in spots. Its dialogue, throughout, is fluent, picturesque, and poetic. As a piece of language, Mr. McCarthy's effort is a facile and fascinating creation. It is studded with richly suggestive and novel figures of speech. Now it scintillates with a pretty and elusive wit; again it glows with a fervid and moving eloquence. In the mouth of Villon Mr. McCarthy has put some of the most voluptuously poetic sentences that one could conceive of as framed by the lips of a flesh-and-blood poet, under stress of deep desire, lofty aspiration, or bitterest sorrow.

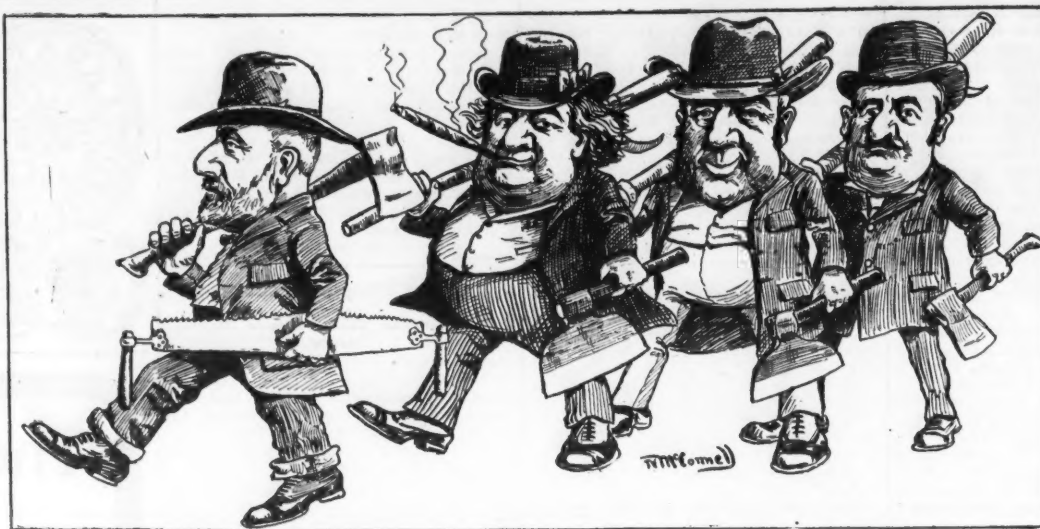
As a vehicle for the peculiar gifts and talents of Mr. E. H. Sothern, no play could have been more happily devised. His refined, almost ascetic, cast of face (to which his success in Hamlet was in some small measure due) is by no means out of place in the impersonation of a poet, who, though a tap-room brawler and a consort with thieves and scarlet women, is represented to have been such by force of circumstance rather than of choice, and who in the depth of his trespasses was yet consumed by an inner fire. Still more appropriate is the actor's spiritual type of countenance to the role of the lone man of destiny—both instrument and sport of Fate—into whom Mr. McCarthy chooses to transform his poet. Mr. Sothern has the faculty of throwing intense conviction into his more serious speeches. He seems to hypnotize himself in these passages, and he certainly hypnotizes his audience. This gift imparts a realism and dramatic fervor that are simply overpowering to his recitation of the poem. "If Villon were the King of France," to his quarrel with Thibaut, to his love-making scenes with Katherine. In the lighter passages, where the poet must carry himself with a daredevil insouciance—the Villon of the play is never a genuinely merry fellow—Mr. Sothern's always reserved and rather cynical gift of humor gives just the right touch to the character he portrays.

There are some portions of the play rather unpleasantly and obtrusively suggestive of the gutter associations of this brawling and bespattered, but eventually reformed, ballad-monger. The free and easy intercourse of the men and women at the Fir Cone Tavern is, of course, necessary to be depicted if the spectator is to have any realization of Villon's social world. But later on, in the King's rose garden, when the poet has been transformed into the High Constable of France, there is a more suggestive and at the same time unnecessary bit of pantomime when Villon whispers a single word in the ear of the four demi-mondaines brought before him for judgment, and they all by turn go off in shrieks of ribald laughter. Again, it is not pleasant for the audience to hear a woman of Huguenot's occupation, or rather lack of occupation, brazenly inviting a man to visit her—in the language of the street, "making a date." Nor can there be any good reason why Huguenot should favor the people beyond the footlights with a discourse on her motives for displaying her lower limbs to the gaze of the world instead of hiding them under skirts, like other women, even those of her own class. It is not well to be squeamish about little things, and yet it is little things that a play dealing with the half world is most likely to be offensive and lacking in good taste.

A great deal has been said about the mounting of "If I Were King," and certainly Mr. Sothern here, as always, is exacting as to scenery and properties. Yet, so far as paint and canvas go, better mounted plays have been seen in Toronto. What does deserve unstinted praise is his handling of crowds. The grouping of the persons on the stage is always most effective, and the tableaux at the close of the several acts are grand and realistic spectacles.

Miss Margaret Hinton, as Katherine de Vaucelles, divides the honors of the performance with Mr. Sothern. Few more beautiful women have appeared on a local stage, and her acting, if not great, is sufficiently versatile, and full of promise. Miss Jennie Fustace, as Huguenot Du Hamel, gives a pathetic and memorable picture of the woman who has "loved and lost." Miss Fanny L. Burt, as Mother Villon, has a small but significant part, the possibilities of which she amply realizes. The Louis XI of Mr. George W. Wilson is richly humorous, whimsical and subtle, but scarcely defensible enough to accord with the deeds attributed to the King. Louis's humor is the only genuine humor in the play, and one cannot detest him as cordially as one feels one ought.

At the Grand this week, Messrs. Shipman Brothers, who are old Toronto boys, and very successful managers, presented George H. Summers and Alice Archer in "A Hot Scotch Major." It was more like an entertainment one finds at Shea's than the usual run at the Grand, though there was a plot at the bottom of the music and specialties. The story is of a Yankee who saves a Scotch lassie from a watery grave, an ancient law of the clan ordaining that any one who holds a female MacBeth in his arms must marry her or die. Married they were, but secretly, and for family reasons were unable to publish the fact. The brother MacBeth, therefore, is travelling with murder in his heart. Great complications arise because Simeon Meeker, who had been present at the rescue, boasts that he is the hero who saved the beautiful girl. Mr. Summers, who is a Torontonian, was delighted as Simeon Meeker, and kept the audience laughing every minute he was on the stage. He has a fine gift of facial expression, and his every motion is



THE FUEL PROBLEM SOLVED—NESBITT'S BUSH GANG TO THE RESCUE.

funny. His court-martial scene in the second act is especially amusing, and in the last act he introduces many popular local hits. The rest of the company are, perhaps, not quite in Mr. Summers' class. Miss Archer has a fairly good but not powerful voice. Charles Arling made a capital Scotchman, appearing in full Kiltie uniform.

The most beautiful and sensational gymnastic act that local patrons of vaudeville have seen in a long time is given at Shea's this week by George E. Delmore and Julius W. Lee. Dressed in speckless white tights, these two splendid specimens of the genus homo perform their dazzling feats in mid-air against a dead black background. The greater part of their act takes place on a sort of see-saw suspended far above the stage, at either end of which is one of the performers, now hanging by a toe or an eyelash, now balancing by one hand or foot, while the slender metallic bar whirls round with dizzy uncertainty. Good acrobatic acts are rare, but Mr. Shea in this case certainly secured one. The Baileys, real "coons," are clever song and dance artists—their final cake walk under a vibrating calcium producing a funny and altogether bizarre effect. The two turns mentioned are the best in the show. Kathryn Osterman and Edwin Boring's sketch, "The Editor," would have a better impression if cut down to half the time it now takes up. The same may be said of Midgley and Carlisle's juvenile skit, "After School." Blockson and Burns, black-face eccentrics, make a few smiles, but are hardly in a class to qualify as "emperors of fun." The Young America Quintette need to go away back and get some voices. Frank and Jen Latona's musical turn is good of its kind, but unfortunately it is not a very novel or fascinating kind. The pictures in the kinetograph this week are all fun-makers and pleasing to the younger element.

It has been suggested that before the present season is over, such announcements as the following may be expected:

"Lavish stage setting! Announce ment extraordinary!!! Mr. Charles Sheehan begs to announce that during the performance of 'A Hot Old Time' at the Umpthabrah Theater the stage settings will be of unparalleled magnificence! A host of genuine hard coal will be permitted to be burned in full view of the audience!!!!"

Stranger things have happened in the trust-managed theaters of this continent. Mr. Sothern, who is a stickler for the "real thing" in his stage settings, should take the tip and have coal, instead of that cheap and common counterfeit, gas, burned in the fireplace of the Fir Cone Tavern.

Miss Anne Blanche, who as a member of the Valentine Stock Company had no end of friends in Toronto, drew large crowds to the Toronto Opera House this week, where she appeared in a juvenile role in "A Little Outcast."

Appropos the heated controversy between Sir Edward Russell and Mr. A. W. Pinero as to the morality of Lord Quex, "Vanity Fair" prints this rather good verse:

O why, Sir Edward Russell, vex  
The soul of good Pinero  
By hinting that "The Gay Lord Quex"  
Is but a so-so hero?  
You've set him writing to "The Times,"  
Equipp'd for angry tussle.  
To prove that Quex's blackest crimes  
Are white to yours, my Russell!

Augustus Pitou, who, by the way, was Manager Sheppard's mentor in the old Grand, has lately passed through a serious illness in New York, but is now convalescent. He was operated on for a very bad carbuncle.

### LANCE.

Among the features billed at Shea's for next week are the Gargany's, comedy acrobats, a recently imported European act, and said to be one of the best vaudeville managers have brought to this country. The Gargany's number four and their gymnastic feats are conceded to be remarkable, while their comedy is above the average. Another feature will be found in Yorke and Adams, Hebrew impersonators, with a new line of jokes and parodies. They receive the largest salary paid to any team in this line of entertainment. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Rickfield will be seen in a one-act comedy entitled "Mag Haggarty's Father," from the pen of Will M. Cressy. This is said to be one of the best quiet Irish sketches the vaudeville stage has ever seen, and a laughing hit. Josephine Sabel, whose songs are always new and her costumes magnificent, is always welcomed in Toronto. Cole and Johnson, negro song and dance artists, have met with tremendous success in several of the leading vaudeville theaters of other cities and this will be their first appearance in Toronto. The Great Montreal, a juggler from Europe, and Torcat, French comedian, will complete the bill. The kinetograph will have a lot of new pictures.

Mr. Louis N. Parker undertook a difficult task when he engaged himself to write a play for Mr. Willard round the character of Giovanni de Medici, but success has so far attended his efforts, the drama having been well received wherever Mr. Willard has placed it. It will be again submitted to a Toronto audience on Monday evening next. The play is one that derives its chief interest from its literary qualities and from the manner in which Mr. Parker has suggested the epoch in which he writes. Briefly, we see the Cardinal in his thirty-fourth year, twenty years a member of the college, already a magnificent patron of the arts, the head of the greatest family in Italy—a family ambitious, like all the great Italian houses, to have its representative in St. Peter's chair. He hears the confession of a murder which has been committed in his own garden, and of which his innocent brother, Giuliano de Medici, is accused and convicted. The seal is on the Cardinal's lips; he cannot accuse the real murderer, Andrea Strozzi, but he resorts to craft. With a rather more laudable object than that of Ulysses, on an earlier occasion, he assumes madness and tricks Strozzi into making an open admission of his guilt.

"The Pride of Jennico," James K. Hackett's success with Mr. Edward R. Mawson in the leading role, will be next week's offering at the Grand.

### Rugby.

RUGBY this season promises to be more popular in the Queen City than any previous season, and of course the Argonauts, the heroes of a dozen well-fought battles on the grid-iron last year, together with chrysanthemums, will certainly be "it." The Oarsmen opened the season well last week, up Hamilton way, by putting it all over the Tigers, but that is not saying much, for, as one rural newspaper aptly expressed it, "neither team knew each other sufficiently to pass the time of day, let alone a football." Joe Wright naturally was on hand, looking and playing better than ever, and this possessor of the fountain of youth can teach a few Wise Michaels who know all about it one or two tricks that went a furlong or two towards winning the O.R.F.U. championship for the Argos last "fall ploughin'" time.

At the post-mortem after the match at Hamilton, some M.D. pronounced the Tigers had suffered an overdose of Argonaut. Funeral later. No flowers. Notwithstanding what our fellows did, the wearers of the light and dark blue are far from being as strong as last season. Langton, Parmenter and Quarter-back "Curly" Britton, who stood in a class of his own making, are missing from the ranks of the old guard, which reduces the Argos' strength very considerably, but Hamber, Norman Beale, "Soldier" Grant, and Dr. Jack McCollum, captain of 'Varsity last year—a brilliant constellation—will probably help to make good this deficiency.

On Saturday afternoon, if it can be arranged, though at present it looks uncertain owing to the "Statists" wanting their expenses guaranteed, an all-Rochester fifteen, composed mostly of college fellows, are to try conclusions with the watermen up at Rosedale after the Intermediate scramble between London and Argos II. has been pulled off. "American" rules will predominate in the first half and "Made in Canada" rules in the second half, and an interesting game, well worth crossing the shaly old Rosedale bridge for, will likely be seen, as many knowing ones, lately of the stock market, contend the snapback system in the "American" game has the Canadian scrimmage beaten to death, from a spectator's point of view, anyway. Nowadays, with margins floating away while you wait, not many care to watch the scrimmage too long, but once upon a pig-skin for ten minutes, without letting it be seen once by a half-frozen grand stand. It's not sport, and that's why some who pay good money to see a game advocate a change.

One noteworthy alteration this season in the O.R.F.U. rules is one that the Argos hail with joy. In future the home team retains all the green lucie taken in at the gate. This does not seem significant at first but it means that the Argos will in all probability land on the shore of victory at the season's end with \$1,000 at least to the good. Last year the Argonauts did a land office business in gate receipts at their games, but these had to be divided with the contesting teams. This meant a direct loss, for when Kingston played in Toronto their share amounted to considerably over \$100, but when the Argos went to Kingston at an outlay of about \$150, their share of the gate amounted only to \$5 or \$10. Again, the Oarsmen went to Ottawa at a cost of \$350, and got about \$50. This shows conclusively that Toronto is the "stom center" for gate receipts. The people of this city are proud of their aquatic aggregation, and support them as they deserve to be supported, but they do not wish to see their money float away down to Ottawa or Kingston to keep other cities' teams on their pins.

Up at 'Varsity about fifty men are turning out for practice every day under Captain Percy Hercules Biggs, and though the outlook is not quite as bright as last fall, yet he is not discouraged, for "shining lights" often appear on the Rugby horizon after many days of darkness and doubt.

Generally speaking, the Rugby season promises to be a special drawing card for the next seven or eight weeks, for one can keep just as warm at a Rugby game these days as sitting by an empty, cheerless stove that in by-gone days used to burn \$6-a-ton coal.

This week, if the team is not kept too busy chasing margins, Ames & Co. and the Imperial Life Braves meet in the Financial Football League on the Old Upper Canada grounds. This should be a contest worth getting one's "lamps" on. The Ames aggregation are a husky set of ball-chasers, and being reinforced by some knowing ones this year, including Jimmy Murray of lacrosse fame, they are tipped by the talent as being good things and likely to land well within the money.

Q. T.



Uncle Sam and Johnny Canuck—We don't want to hurry you too fast, Teddy, but remember we need the coal!

### "Nothing to Wear."

[The death, recently, of William Allen Butler, has revived interest in his first and most famous poem, "Nothing to Wear," which appeared anonymously in "Harper's Weekly," in 1887. It was one of the most notable satires on society extravagance. These verses, which were reproduced in Great Britain, and translated into French and German, relate how Miss Flora McFlimsey spent most of her money and all of her time buying clothes, and yet had "nothing to wear." Some of the best lines are here reproduced.]

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,  
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris,  
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),  
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,  
In one continuous round of shopping—  
Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,  
For all manner of things that a woman can put  
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot;  
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
In front or behind, above or below;  
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;  
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;  
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;  
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;  
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;  
Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day,

This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,  
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,  
The last time we met was in utter despair,  
Because she had nothing whatever to wear.

Nothing to Wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—  
That she's in a state of absolute nudity.

Like Powers' Greek slave or the Medici Venus;

[The day of the Stuckup's grand ball arrived, and Miss McFlimsey is in despair. "Why, Harry, mon cher," she says to her lover, "I should like, above all things, to go with you there, but really and truly—I've nothing to wear." He rashly suggests that she wear the gown she has on, whereupon Miss McFlimsey opens her batteries of scorn upon him.]

How absurd that any sane man should suppose,  
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!

So I ventured again: "Wear your crimson brocade!"

(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk!"—"That's too heavy."

"Your pink!"—"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin!"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch!"

"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."

"Your brown moire antique!"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker."

"The pearl-colored!"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-maker"

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock!"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it."

As more comme il faut—"Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it.

And I won't appear dressed like a child of sixteen."

[Her lover makes some further suggestions, but each is rejected with scorn.]

"I've told you, and shown you, I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me!"—(here the nose went still higher)

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and I don't know what."

It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed,

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed

To express the abuse, and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,

And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-

ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,

Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay

Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,

Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how.

On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,

At home, and up-stairs, in my own easy chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,

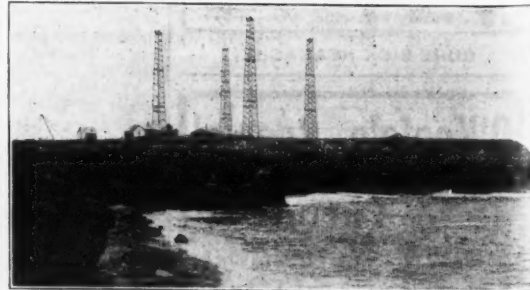
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

"Supposing a man had the wealth of a Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,

On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"



The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Station at Glace Bay, N.S., as seen from the Atlantic.

### The Reason.

TEACHERS who require written excuses for tardiness from parents of pupils sometimes receive very amusing notes. Here are a few specimens from a number received some time ago:

"Dear sir, please excuse James for lateness, I kneaded

him after breakfast."

A second note reads:

"Please forgive Billy for being tardy, I was mending his

coat."

The third excuse goes more into details, but is none the

less interesting:

"Mister sir, my Jason had to be late to-day. It is his

business to milk our cow. She kicked Jase in the back to-

day when he wasn't looking or thinking of her actin'; so he

thot his back was broke, but it ain't. But it is black and

blue, and the pane kept him late. We would git rid of that

cow if we could. This is the fourth time she kicked Jase,

but never kicked him late before. So excuse him for me."

A girl absent for half a day brought the following satis-

factory excuse:

"Miss teacher—my dotter's absents yesterday was un-

avoidable. Her shoes had to be half-souled, and she had a

score throte. Her konstitushun is delikit and if she is absent

any more you can know that it is en account of unavoidable

sickness or something else."

A boy absent for half a day laid the following explanation

on his master's desk:

"Dear sir, please excuse Henry. He went to grand-

papa's funeral with me this forenoon. I have been promising

him for several weeks that he might, if he was good, and he

has been very good, so I kept my word."

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## xx Gold xx

THE Dog knew that he had a fresh master. Perhaps he was aware also that, for imperative reasons, he had been sold. He knew the sight of gold. He had seen the Man play his last piece upon a hand at cards; he had seen gold put upon the counter in the stores, and goods given in exchange; and doubtless, therefore, he reasoned that there had been a transaction. There were five great gold pieces upon the table, and these, the Dog felt, must be the equivalent of his worth. What the Dog thought, since to reason is to think, he did not betray. Save for one long look in his great limpid eyes, and which a late master would not see, he gave no sign. He was docile, in subjection—a dog.

When he and his new master had gone, the Man stood for a long time in his doorway, looking steadfastly before him. His gaze traversed the blue lake and climbed the side of the blue hills. In that dark, purple-veiled ravine the Dog had saved his life last year. It was just beyond that crest of pines, silhouetted now against the rose and gold of the evening sky, that the Dog had fought the bear, when the Winchester lay cut of reach, until the Man could reach his knife. That second of time had been almost at the cost of the Dog's life. He would carry the scars for ever, great scars along his brown sides.

How often together, from this very doorway, he and the Dog had watched the flaming sun sink over the purple hills as it had sunk just now, while the light fled from the face of the lake like life from the face of a friend! The Man turned indoors, and his glance rested upon the gold. Its hue was dull now, for the gleam of the western sun had made it exceeding bright. On the table was also a bottle from which the Man and the Dog's new owner had drunk good will over the purchase and sale. The Man had another drink now, and he drank the health and the swift coming of a woman whose photograph stood upon a rude shelf—a black-haired woman, with a large, laughing mouth, revealing large, white teeth. The Man stared admiringly at the big, black-feathered hat and low-cut bodice, and thought the woman beautiful; and he drank her swift coming in a second glass. Then he took from a wallet a letter, which, standing again in the doorway, he read for the tenth time. The paper on which it was written was cheap and soiled, and the writing, if feminine, was not fine.

"Dear Jim.—If you want me, why don't you send the dog? I haven't got a bone, and I guess your dog ain't as dead off as that. It don't seem to me you care, seeing I haven't a cent since God knows when."

"I'm down to hardest kind of pan. Isn't that what you call it out there? If I had the tin I'd go first train. So if you want me, send the stuff along and I'll be with you before that dog of yours can bark. Send it express order, Jim. Don't say I won't like it out there. I'm just aching to breathe that mountain air. We'll be as happy as—as two robbers I saw yesterday down at Coney, holding hands. We can hold hands, Jim, sitting outside the house and watching the sun set. I'm real tired of New York, and I want you. See? So send the stuff along, dear, and I'll wire you the day."

"Your affectionate wife,  
"ELSIE."

The Man put the letter back in his pocket, and stalked down the path leading to the town. At the express office he telegraphed a draft for one hundred dollars—the price of the Dog. Then he sent a telegram to Elsie, that read: "Have wired you one hundred dollars. Come quick. Reply." After that, he returned to his cabin, and wondered why the place had never before seemed so sordid and poor. He began to set the place in order, humming a tune, and planning what he might yet do to have the rooms fit for her.

By ten o'clock the moon was well up and beaming on the lake. The Man grew impatient. The boy of the telegraph office had not come with the reply. It was five miles to the town, but the Man went there again. He found the telegraph operator, but no reply had been received. It was now three o'clock in the morning in New York, the operator said. It was one o'clock in the morning when the Man got back, footsore, to his cabin. He slept little, and by eight o'clock that morning was in the town again. It was now eleven o'clock in New York, but still no reply had come. So the Man sent another message, and in the evening he received a reply, which, the operator suavely informed him, was "collected."

"Got the money. Thanks. Can't go just now. Writing you."

The Man read and re-read this, as he walked slowly back to his cabin in the hills. He was very tired when he reached the place, and he had eaten nothing that day. There was still one drink in the bottle, and this he took, after which he sat thinking, thinking, in the moonlight, and wondering how low in the west the moon at two in the morning appeared to people in New York.

At the end of the fourth day the Man went down to the town. He was in feverish impatience while the mail bags were being carried to the post-office, where he was at last told there was no letter for him.

He came again the next day, and the next; and on the third he sent a telegram. He got no direct reply to that, but on the fifth day thereafter came a letter.

"Dear Jim.—I suppose you sold the dog, to send me the stuff. Well, somehow, when it came to the pinch, I couldn't get away from New York. There was a hot wave on when I wrote first, but it passed about the time the money came, and it's been fine since. I don't feel that I just need mountain air right now. I don't believe, thinking it over, I'd be satisfied out there. Lonely as h—l, I guess. I wouldn't be satisfied, and I guess you'd be tired enough, pretty soon. I guess it's best the way it is."

"That 'dog' money came in good and handy, Jim, or I'd have sent it back, see? I was just down to pennies, sure. That's right, Jim. I've got a bang-up new outfit—I just wish you could see me once. There isn't anything on Broadway just now, so I've been told, that can beat yours aff. You know, you always said I had a figger, Jim, and all I needed was the clothes."

"Well, good-bye, Jim, take care of yourself."

"ELSIE."

When the Man reached his cabin that night, he took the photograph from the shelf, and in the moonlight ground it upon a rock under his heavy heel. Then he went back to the town, where he sold his cabin and claim, after which he got very drunk, and gambled away the price of his last sale. And when he was sober again, with little more than his "shovel and pick on his shoulder and a derring hide in his breast," he set his face to the West once more.

He shot game ere the close of the first day, and camped at sundown, and early upon the following morning he was once more upon his way. So he walked and camped, thinking hard, as he walked, of the Woman who had sold him and of the Dog that he had sold. He was leaving the Woman farther behind at every step, and the Dog was a thousand miles away, to the south, in his new home. Even the Dog, he reflected, had gone willingly and left him alone. Well, after all, the Dog had been right.

On the twelfth night of his pilgrimage, the Man slept in the empty cabin of a deserted claim. It was a lonely place, but the mood of Nature was in harmony with the Man's.

In the earliest hours of morning the Man was awakened by the sound of something stirring about outside the cabin door, which was closed and fast. It was doubtless some wild animal, and the man listened for a while. Angry at last, as the thing would not go away, the Man sprang up from his bed of cedar boughs. He looked through the cabin window, his "gun" in his hand.

The sky was overclouded, and dawn was not yet nigh. The Man could see, dimly, the form of a large animal by the door. The Man shouted, and the animal leaped toward him. The Man fired, and the animal fell with a moan. Then the Man went back to bed and slept.

When he awoke, the sunlight fell, in a long bar of in-

tangible gold, through the little square window upon the rude floor. The Man stretched his arms, and remembered the thing that had disturbed him in the night.

He opened the cabin door and looked about. He could see things very clearly now, for the sunshine was over all; and he started, stared, and flung himself on his knees with a cry of horror and pain.

For the dead animal had been his Dog.

After a long time, when the Man had sat for hours by the side of what had once been his friend, thinking, thinking, he dug a grave for the gaunt, starved hound. Then he went back to where the Dog had died, and found the Dog's last gift.

For in his death agony the Dog had broken away the earth; and there, in the sunlight, only a little way beneath the surface of the earth, was gold—GOLD!

C. G. R.

### "Things Are Not What They Seem."

'Twas in the Windy City that this "shady trick" occurred, 'Twas in the Windy City—at least, that's what I heard.

A young man who had money but hadn't any head, Just dropped into a jewelry store and this is what he said:

"I hear you have some tie-pins that are jewelled with hard coal. I'd like to see those tie-pins, sir," he then pulled out a "roll."

The jeweler smiled a cunning smile as he produced the pins, And as the youth selects one the wily jeweler grins.

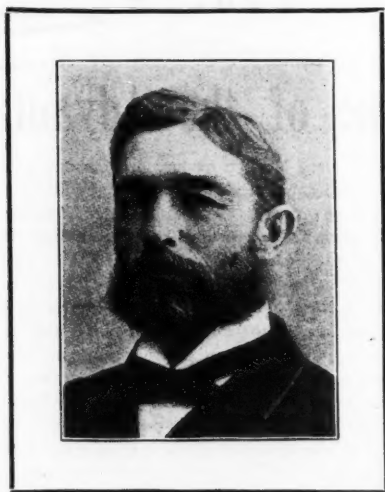
The young man queried blandly if it was anthracite, Then gazed upon it fondly and thought it "out of sight."

He purchased one and stuck it in a tie as red as gore, Then went his way rejoicing from that fakir jeweler's store.

He "sport" his new tie-pin nearly all the city o'er, And as each person praised it, he liked it more and more.

At last he met his coal-man, an Irishman, who smiled At this unsophisticated and much deluded child.

He roared aloud and, laughing, said, "My boy, you have been 'sold.' That's nothing but a patry chunk of blackened-over gold." Toronto. F. BRUCE CAREY.



Rev. Wilbur Crafts, the Yankee "reformer," who claims to have reformed Toronto's theaters.

### Touched by the Music.

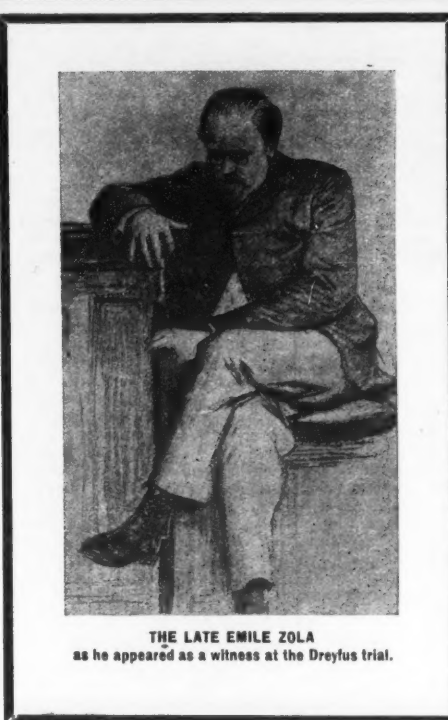
At the first concert on the new church organ no one in the audience was better pleased than the Cape Breton maid employed in the organist's family, an honest soul, entirely unspoiled by her two months in the States.

"So you liked the music, did you, Mary?" said the organist the next morning, reports of her enthusiasm having reached his ears.

"Oh, it was just grand!" replied Mary. "The grandest I ever heard!"

"What did you like best?" asked the organist, moved by this glowing eulogy.

"Oh, I don't know that," said Mary. "But there was one place where you come down with both hands and your feet at the same time that was about the best. It sounded like the steam-roller coming down the street."



THE LATE EMILE ZOLA as he appeared as a witness at the Dreyfus trial.

### Zola the Realist.

THE death by asphyxiation of Emile Zola, the great novelist, has made a much smaller sensation in English-speaking countries than might have been expected. The greatness of the author has been much dwarfed amongst the readers of the English language, by his reputation as a puritan realist who was more prone to talk of the nasty things of life than to observe the niceties which so many writers elect to observe, to the disregard of presenting true pictures of human nature. It is claimed that Zola's translators have not done him justice, and that those who are fortunate enough to be able to read his works in French have not found his work objectionable. Of this probably ninety-five per cent. of the readers of this page are unable to judge, and must base their appreciation of the undeniably great writer who has just died, upon such of his novels as the translator has given them and as they have been able to stomach. I cannot claim to have read more than two or three of his works, and while appreciating the fidelity with which he adhered to nature, human nature in particular, I cannot but confess that the seamy side of life, from which I cannot escape, is sufficiently disturbing without seeking it in the pages to which I turn for relaxation rather than enlightenment. The whole argument against realism, of which Zola was a great apostle, is that life furnishes sufficient ghastly details without having them elaborated, and it is fitting that we should turn to romance, idealism and poetry in an effort to lift our souls above the dirt which we pay bootblacks to remove from our shoes. Nevertheless, the realist does a work which possibly should not be left undone, and no one is forced to read it any more than the traveler is compelled to go slumming in the strange cities he visits. As vice is made truly hideous by being divested of its tawdry ornaments, it is a strong argument in favor of Zola's methods, and if such literary work were given out as medicine, like poison, it would be valuable in relieving the mentally sick. Unfortunately, such books are sought for by the young and inexperienced, by those with a moral taint, and that unfortunately large class fond of nakedness, not as the painter and sculptor and anatomist are fond of the unclothed, for the sake of art or science, but because of the lewdness of their tastes. Those who remember Zola's brave fight for Dreyfus and have read some of his better works with a clean impulse, will sorrow greatly because of his untimely taking off, and will revere him as a great artist and student of nature as it unfortunately presents itself to those who have opportunities of seeing and are brave enough not to pretend to be blind.

DON.

### How Not to be a Millionaire.

THIS is the problem of the future, and it behooves us to consider it in its serious aspects.

The time is rapidly approaching when the thoughtful father, placing his paternal hand on his son's shoulder, will feel obliged to say to him:

"My boy, unless you are careful, almost before you know it, you will be a millionaire. It is my business to warn you in time. Look around you and see all the other millionaires there are, and you will be convinced that to avoid this un-

happy fate will require all your energy and perseverance. Begin, therefore, early in life and resolve firmly not to be a millionaire. Who knows, but some day your ambition may be realized."

Not to be a millionaire, however, while seemingly so desirable, is not the final end of man. Not to want to be a millionaire is really higher than this.

Strange as it may seem, in the light of recent events, there are still many who secretly wish to be millionaires. Their number, of course, is rapidly diminishing, but that they exist is, alas! but too true. Those who do not want to be millionaires are born, not made. One of the first aids to not being a millionaire is to stop reading the papers. Not being aware of how John Jones cornered the cereal market, with all the attendant exciting details, is a great help in the right direction. Not to know that Magnate Mc-Merger got a bill through the Legislature which enabled him to control a railroad system and smile at all the people all the time, while doing it, together with all the ins and outs of this commonplace affair, is in itself a distinct advance.

After you have succeeded in stopping the reading of papers, then continue the good work by not going into society. You will miss, of course, a great deal. Your mind will not be filled to the brim with that vast weight of wisdom and learning which everybody knows society conversation staggers under, and of course you will not have the same incentives to be a millionaire that you otherwise would. But you will find, in the pursuit of your final ambition, it will pay to do this.

And by and by, when you are old and have only just enough to live on comfortably, you can afford to look back on your life and say:

"I have been happier than most men. I have not tried, nor wanted, to be a common millionaire!"



### An Occasion For Craft.

ONE of the horrors of the editorial sanctum is the man (or woman) who believes he can write poetry. It is an awful thing to have to deal with the gentleman who won't leave a stamped envelope and his MS., but insists on reading the stuff and having your verdict on the spot. But oh! more terrible than that is the female poet who pursues these tactics—as nearly all female poets do. I hate to turn down the hungry, wild-eyed bard. I hate it for my own sake as well as for his. There is an element of risk in explaining to a strapping individual who may be big enough to eat you and who looks as though he has not had a square meal in a month, that for various reasons his excellent verses are "not available." But still more dangerous and unpleasant is it to brave the scorn and anger of a modern Sappho in prunella gaiters or a new edition of Mrs. Browning in a poke bonnet.

There are various ways of dealing with the woman who comes in and wants to recite a love poem or an ode to a purple sunset. When you see her hovering in the office, you seize pencil and paper, scissors and glue-pot, and pretend that it is your busy day. Of course, if she is an old hand at the game she will not be deceived by your attitude. You do not ask her to be seated while she explains her mission. Nevertheless she beams on you as she proceeds to draw a wad of rolled foolscap from her shopping bag. You anticipate what is to come and gently communicate to her that really the printers are waiting for copy, and if she will be good enough to leave her contribution and her address you will read the story and let her have your decision by mail.

"Story!" she sniffs in scorn. "This ain't a story, sir; this is a poem!"

You meekly repeat the fiction about the printers waiting for copy, while the cold beads commence to stand out on your brow.

"Well, now," she says, "if they're waitin' for copy, I've got something here that's just the very thing for the paper. I'd best read it myself, because my writing's none o' the best, and anyway I want to give it the right expression."

You know, then, that it's useless to resist further, and figuratively you throw up your hands and surrender without another kick.

It may be a sonnet or a roundelay, but more likely it is just a "poem." With the particular class of females who haunt newspaper offices, with rolled foolscap in their shopping bags, a "poem" signifies anything from sixteen to seventy-two verses, usually of four lines each. All the while she is reeling it off you are vaguely conscious of images of sky-blue rivers, saffron skies, moss-green moonlight, and pink sunrises. But your mind is busy figuring on the answer you'll give her by and by when she gets through. Believe me, it is not the easiest thing under such circumstances to make your answer polite and politic, and yet at the same time to decline the proffered masterpiece.

My own scheme now is invariably to praise every such poem submitted—to praise it enthusiastically, rapturously and unreservedly. Then I suggest that it is entirely too good for "Saturday Night" and that it ought to appear in the magazine edited by my friend Whooper. I assert my confidence that he will accept it and pay for it handsomely. This pleasant untruth has worked admirably ever since I first tried it on. It satisfies the would-be contributor; it more than satisfies me. I am not quite so sure that Whooper is satisfied.

ASTERISK.

### Social Diversions in Turkey.

EATING sweetmeats, smoking cigarettes, scolding the slaves, and talking scandal are the chief diversions of the Turkish lady, with now and then a visit to a low-class theater; and her physique, and with it that of the race, is rapidly deteriorating for want of fresh air and exercise, says "Chambers' Journal." Happy is the woman poor enough to be obliged to do her own marketing, and who yet retains a reverence for the faith of her fathers, visiting the mosque, where the coolness and quiet, the atmosphere of prayer, soothes the tired nerves and raises the heart above all petty daily cares. But, alas! the much-disputed question as to whether woman is the possessor of an immortal soul has left its mark on the female population. They have ceased to base any great hopes on such an uncertainty, and live, feed and behave so like the "beasts that perish" that to the flippant modern Turk it seems that if endowed with souls at all they must be so small as to be scarcely worth the trouble of saving!

### Bats and Owls.

"Funny thing about a man going out on a bat."  
"What's funny?"  
"Why, he generally comes home on an 'owl' car."



### HE WON'T "RETIRE."

"Boohoo! Ollie wants to sit up in big man's chair all the time. Boohoo!"







### An Onslaught on Bliss Carman's Verse.

MR. J. P. MOWBRAY, who is himself a writer of high standing, runs a tilt at Bliss Carman's magazine verse in the October "critic." Mr. Mowbray remarks that one should not take magazine poetry too seriously. Philosophy is very apt to say of it: "Oh, let the youngsters gambol, they must spend their superfluous vitality somehow before they settle down to hard thinking."

He professes ignorance as to the Canadian poet's age. He is willing to believe that he is more mature than Ella Wheeler Wilcox, but asks, "Is he more mature?" "We sincerely believe that he is, when he is not singing at his present rate, but no child of song at present on the magazine lawn has an equal bobolink disregard for everything but the lawn. His spontaneity of chirp, his self-confident utterance of bobolink finalities, must delight all observing souls that are past thinking or not yet arrived at the forlorn condition of hopeless rational celebration."

The poem that has occasioned Mr. Mowbray's rude and unfeeling analysis of Carman's gift of song is one from which only representative verses can be given here:

One day as I sat and suffered  
A long discourse upon sin,  
At the door of my heart I listened,  
And heard this speech within:

One whisper of the Holy Ghost  
Outweighs for me a thousand tomes;  
And I must heed that private voice,  
Not Plato's, Swedenborg's, nor Rome's.

Let not tradition fill my ears  
With prate of evil and of good,  
Nor superstition cloak my sight  
Or beauty with a bigot's hood.

Give me the freedom of the earth,  
The leisure of the light and air,  
That this enduring soul some part  
Of their serenity may share!

The word that lifts the purple shaft  
Of crocus and of hyacinth  
Is more to me than platitudes  
Rehoming from groin and plinth.

Be others worthy to receive  
The naked messages of God;  
I am content to find their trace  
Among the people of the sod.

The gold-voiced dwellers of the wood  
Flute up the morning as I pass;  
And in the dusk I lay me down  
With star-eyed children of the grass.

So I would keep my natural days,  
By sunlit sea, by moonlit hill,  
With the dark beauty of the earth  
Enchanted and enraptured still.

With some circumspection Mr. Mowbray accuses Carman of plagiarizing and paraphrasing Wordsworth. It requires a bravery of innocence quite unique, says he, "to seize upon Wordsworth's mistake and make a transcription of it in the face of the grim conclusions of the twentieth century." The mistake of Wordsworth referred to was that he wrote these lines:

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach us more of man,  
Of mortal evil and of good;  
Than all the sages can;

which Mr. Carman has nimbly but rather weakly turned into this form:

The word that lifts the purple shaft  
Of crocus and of hyacinth  
Is more to me than platitudes  
Rehoming from groin and plinth.

Mr. Mowbray cuttingly suggests that it is impossible to convert an error into a truth by stretching it out from one verse into fifteen verses. "Wordsworth's proposition has been adjudicated by good men and true in both philosophy and poetry as not only undemonstrable but unthinkable, and Mr. Bliss Carman's indifference to that verdict only establishes the superiority of a Piety which, like Mother Eddy's, instead of wrestling with the untinkable, proceeds calmly to build upon it."

What we admire in Mr. Bliss Carman's Piety and cannot sufficiently praise because we have so little of the some ethereal Lit ourselves, is the ease and comfort with which he comprehends All That Isn't and demonstrates to us more delightfully than any other minstrel has demonstrated it, the inimitable superiority of knowing when to stop, a superiority which enables him to take his hands off the lyre at every crescendo and put them in his pockets. With his modern lute he protests in assurances against outworn creeds and the implacable nature of things. "In order to love our brother as ourselves the best way is to go and live with the beasts of the field. The skunk cabbage and the crabgrass esthetically understood are not only articulate, but less tedious than the Tables of Stone." Mr. Mowbray thinks that while there may be doubt as to whether Beauty resides subjectively in the mind or objectively outside of it, man never obtained any portion of his ethical convictions from a pismire or a pig-plat.

There is that moss-grown notion of the ages? Mr. Bliss Carman seems to say with the aid of his guitar, "that Nature is under a law of necessity and man is not. A fine old credal platitude that (plinky plinky), very much akin to the other notion that man is only a little lower than the angels, when we all know now that he is only a little higher than a soft-shell clam (plinky plinky). Let me introduce you to my guest, Herr Haackel. He is in the conservatory with the hyacinths."

Mr. Carman would have us neglect a Baxter's "Saint's Rest" to build for ourselves an advanced cuckoo-town, for the entertainment of senescent sounds, where we can "hear the river babbling in the dove." Such a consummation does not abolish theology, but is likely to abolish virility. In a word, Mr. Mowbray charges that Carman is an effeminate rhapsodist, a verbal voluptuary.

"Perhaps," he concludes, "our poet is presuming a little on the fact that there are no longer any inquisitor Jeffreys to roast poetical heretics while they are young, and is exulting because the illuminating auto-da-fé of Grub street are extinguished. If so we can go farther and ask him to rejoice with us that there are no longer any critics worth the heeding who would write as much as we have written about Mr. Bliss Carman if they did not find his recreancy in his

heels instead of in his heart. There are possible heights in him for his later climbing, and we rather fondly believe that he will surely pass the crocuses and come at last to the true edelweiss amid the eternal snows, high up, and even, perchance, may find the footprints of Plato and Swedenborg, who were there before him."

### The Light of the Age.

Incandescent gas lights are used all over the world where there is natural or artificial gas. They save at least 50 per cent. of gas, and give twice the light of the ordinary gas tip. G. & J. Murray, 224 Yonge street, have a full line of the incandescent goods. Lights from 35c to \$1. Use the Beacon Mantles, 25c each. Telephone Main 1121.

### The Colonel and the Smart Set.

When Henry takes his pen in hand  
And starts to make the smart set stew,  
The very ink within the stand  
Takes on a crimson hue.

The "weapon" at his elbow sways,  
Its contents surge and foam and splash.  
Around his pen fork'd lightning plays  
And flames leap out of every dash.

His fierce brows meet above his eyes,  
He loudly pants, his nostrils spread;  
Upon the paper blisters rise,  
The goddess bends an eager head.

Well may the smart set turn in fear  
And brisken run for cover when  
The colonel, with his "weapon" near,  
Frowns fiercely and takes up his pen.  
S. E. Kiser in Chicago "Record-Herald."

### The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful It is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requires correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders or requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Yokomis.—What credulity! You "believe in dreams, palmistry, fortune-telling, etc., etc." I'd like to elucidate the mystery of those etceteras. Your birth-day brings you under a water sign, Scorpio, and should be fond of praise and able even to stand a good deal of flattery. Do your friends ever "work you by means of it? Great magnetism, and considerable self-seeking, nerve and power, but unreliability, designate the children of the great sea serpent. They have the knack of using people to gain their own ends. Your writing shows bright perception, tenacity and rather suspicious disposition, a true Scorpio fault. You are not optimistic, dislike to treat new natures, have some pride, self-reliance, and a certain ability. You can be quite charming and know very well what's what in worldly matters.

Corky.—Fearless, frank, practical, and material, very decided in impulse and well set in opinion, a clear and logical mind and a generally able and direct person. There is a great deal of individuality about you, and I fancy you prefer ruling to being ruled. There is some inspiration, but it is mainly toward material aims. Good common sense probably directs most of your ambitions. If you had mentioned the date of your birth I could have answered your question more fully.

Mary.—Your apprehensions are quite unnecessary, for your study is nothing if not agreeable and attractive. There is a great deal of sympathy, strong power of imagination, great humor and a generous and easy temper. You may not be severely logical, but you have quick, breezy intuition, love of beauty and much appreciation. You are reasonably discreet and have a taste for intellectual study, but I don't see much depth of culture. What book have I been reading lately? Ye gods, can you remember books? The best I've got hold of lately was "The Virginian," and if you don't like it I'll have none of you. Have you read the pretty story "A Maid of Many Moods," by our clever Toronto lady, Verna Sheard? It looks very tempting, and I'll tackle it to-day myself. There is a small touch of pessimism in you, ma'am.

Jack Pot.—Who am I that I should arise against your clergyman and your best girl? Yet, in spite of both, I should hate to tell you to stay home and wait, and "hope for better times." Get out, my boy, and make the good times. If you've got the go in you. You are a November child, a Scorpio who seems to be a sort of embryo state. Don't run about asking advice of clergy and editors

### Built For His Job.



How the native waiter uncorks the champagne in the Congo.—"Pick-Me-Up."

and girls. Look at your life and make up your mind what's to be done with it. You seem to be a timid, well-some are, but when they come my way I do enjoy shaking them up a bit. If you'd given me any idea of what you were doing, I could have considered which of the B's you were best adapted to. You have some fine lines in your study, but from a long experience and observation. Brace up, now!

X.M.—What have they been telling you, my boy? It is a queer, crooked, uncertain sort of study, and suggests a formative period. You have great acquisitiveness, but are not selfish, and your lines suggest care, individuality and some crankiness. You have original methods, honest and frank, but not always direct. You'd make a good July study in this particular. There is rather a lack of sequence in your thought, and you might easily form a too high opinion of those you like. Idealism and sensualism in thought would be appealing to you. You are, however, careful and observant, and wouldn't be easily led astray. Your study is distinctly interesting and promising.

Randolph.—I don't consider the case in the least contemptible, and I quite enter into your feeling. It is my resolve to settle myself into a question of affection. If you love him well enough, the detail of his origin will not finally influence you, but from a long experience and observation, I beg you to pause and consider just what appeals to you in him? If it be some physical and even mental charm, don't risk it; if you recognize a noble principle, a lighted nature, a broad mind, then cling to him if he were born in the poorest house.

"I fancy your hesitation, far from being snobbish or contemptible, springs from an latent sense of fitness, and is commendable. I don't for a moment approve of unequal marriages, nor do I think you could be happy unless your fiancé were unusually gifted and of a very superior tone. Indeed, I understand that one should consider all aspects before one enters into a marriage, and you are seldom easy or light. If, as you say, you love, admire and respect your fiancé, perhaps you'll be strong, wise and diplomatic enough to keep the disagreeables you mention at arm's length. In your next paragraph you doubt the strength and depth of your affection. It looks a scary proposition to advise you to rely upon it. Your writing shows varied impulse, great plausibility, caution and healthy energy, bright, vivacious nature, some tenacity and some imagination. Finally, you have good sense and a keen self-reliance."

Student.—"The Irish in us that's alike, I suppose. Otherwise there never were two more opposite. I am very fond of her. Would you make a good nurse? I don't see why not. Your sign is Taurus, the Bull, which begins its sway about April 21st. You have a good deal of the fire of April in you, however. Your writing seems to suggest administrative power rather than sympathy, and you'd perhaps be slow to respond to demands on your nature other than those relating to the simple performance of your duties. I cannot imagine you soothing an excited or emotional patient. Taurus is a strongly material and sometimes unconsciously exacting sign, influenced by appearance, kind and generous, but not patient under trial. I am sure anything about herself would appeal to a Taurus woman. You have some ambition, and courage, hope and a quick, decided will. A snappy, live person, I'm sure!

Sumner.—A very firm, dominant and reliable person, not an optimist, but a bit of a philosopher, generally careful and cautious, sometimes easily influenced, frank, honest, and ambitious. Should be a direct and simple nature, able and reliable in judgment. Adder's.—A little more willful and self-opinionated and less to be counted upon, as impulse varies somewhat. Writer does not like control, and isn't easily guided. More strength but less ability than her (former) sister. Summer slow. Burra Sahib.—Just to say the end came in due time. It is hard to determine whether the present pleasure or the memory of it is more appreciated. Here's luck and good wishes to the pair of you, and may we meet again some fair day. I will do the delineation some day when time and space are not so scarce.

### In October.

Thro' woods aflame with color,  
Gold, crimson, violet, blue,  
Where rays stream thro' the mazes  
Of purple mist and haze  
I stray—and dream of you.

October's golden glamor  
Enwraps me in its Spell:  
I whisper and you hear me,  
Your spirit hovers near me,  
I sigh—but all is well.

"Outdoor Life."

### The Man and the Pen.

GEORGE BURTON'S handwriting alone is a difficult task to decipher. This, together with a careless habit of dashing his 'f's and shifting the wrong letter into a word, has a tendency to make his chirography appear weirdly grotesque.

The following curiosity was discovered by Miss Brown in her mail:

My dear Miss Brown—Yes, the small pox of candy was from me; a little birth-dog token—that was all. I omitted to put in my card by accident. It was exceedingly careless of me, and I was sorry afterward when I recollected. I do not believe that I ever neglected to send my card with a present before. It is bad form, you know and often leads to much embarrassment for some one else, who is not guilty. My regard for you was the only incentive I had in sending it; please do not mention the thought.

I have quite recovered from the surfeit of claret bunch I had at the Merrialls, thank you, and my head-ache is entirely gone.

Did I tell you the other evening about Williams's singing? He had his voice fried by Farrachini, who pronounced it an unusually high terror. Sig. F. charges Ten dollars an hour, I believe. I hope

and I do not pope that Pilly follows it up.

Last night I went to the Holburn's dance. Met a girl there with blond hair, blue eyes and deep, bewitching pimple. She had a cream-colored dress and a red American-Beauty nose; says she is acquainted with you—forget her name. Where were you Thursday night? I stopped at the house at a quarter of nine and rang the front-door bell. Nobody answered. I went around to the Flifton and ate a whole wetch-rabble. Sincerely yours,  
GEORGE E. BURTON.

Cramery Dark, Mag eightieth, nineteen hundred and two.

### That Troublesome Gas.

One of the Most Unpleasant Forms of Stomach Trouble and How to Cure It.

The failure of the stomach to properly digest the food manifests itself in many painful and distressing symptoms.

One of the most troublesome and difficult results of undigested food remaining in the stomach is the formation of gas.

This gas distends the walls of the stomach to a painful degree and frequently presses upward, interfering with the action of the heart, thus causing palpitation and faintness.

The gas is the result of the decomposition of undigested food, and there is but one way to correct the evil, and that is by restoring to the stomach the lost ability to digest all the food perfectly.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a specific prepared for one purpose only, and that is the correction and cure of all Stomach Troubles.

They digest the food, all of it, without the aid of the stomach, thus allowing that organ an opportunity to rest.

Rest is nature's only way to restore the tired organ.

That this theory is a correct one and that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the remedy best adapted and most successful in carrying out the successful rest cure of the digestive organs has been proven by many of Canada's best people.

Among these may be mentioned Mr. W. H. Harmer, postmaster at Avonmore, N.B., who for a long time suffered very severely with gas on the stomach. Often the food would rise in his throat and these unpleasant symptoms caused him no end of annoyance and distress, but, having heard of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, he decided to try a treatment, and in a short time was completely cured of both the difficulties which had troubled him.

He is completely cured. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure all forms of Stomach Trouble.

### The "Liner" of the Future.

EVERY cabin will be situated in the best part of the ship and will be fitted with two chests of drawers, a bathroom, a corkscrew, and a muscled developer. Ladies will be given special facilities for curling their hair, and setting the ship on fire at frequent intervals during the twenty-four hours. In the event of encountering bad weather,



### How are You?

Do you suffer from constipation? Does your liver need regulating? Is your digestion troublesome? Do you suffer from headache? If so, you should take

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**

every day. This harmless tonic and system cleanser will regulate every organ and will remove all the unpleasant features that attend a sluggish liver. Your health and spirits will be so improved that your friends will scarcely know you. Pleasant to take—surely beneficial, but be sure that you get the genuine "Abbey's."

It has achieved its great success solely on account of its

# "Supreme Goodness" "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is the purest and most economical tea before the world to-day. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. per lb. In lead packets only. By all grocers.

'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' Natural Toilet Preparations.

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun. 'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

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30 King Street West.  
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## TRY CLARK'S LUNCH TONGUE

Clark's Pork and Beans are delicious.

four quartermasters will be told off to stand at each corner of the ship to hold her steady. Hanging tables will be provided for playing billiards and puz-pung, and a dance will be held every night on the quarter-deck. The meals will consist of Chotah hazri, early tea, coffee, chocolate, plain soda, breakfast (commencing with porridge and ending with Bombay ducks), light luncheon, heavy luncheon, afternoon tea, cocktails, dinner, coffee, cigars, nightcaps, etc.

Special arrangements have been made whereby neither the captain, nor the doctor nor the purser have any official duties, but each is able to devote his entire time to flirting with the lady passengers. No officer is admitted into this service until he has produced a certificate of good looks, dancing and flirting capacity, a gift for acting and reciting, and a talent for playing the banjo.

It has been found by experience that passengers always know very much better than the captain and officers what ought to be done in the case of any emergency, and they will accordingly be carefully consulted, and the decision of the smoking-room will be taken as final. No delay will ever be caused by such a thing as quarantine or the necessity of obtaining pratique, and the ridiculous claims of Custom House officials will be entirely ignored.

**STOP THE COUGH AND WORK OFF THE COLDS.**  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Young Doctor.—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure? Old Doctor.—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—"Judge."

## Osteopathy.

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**M**R. JOHN DUSSE of Economy, Pa., who is said to be worth fifteen million dollars, was here last week with his band, and gave three concerts on Friday and Saturday in Massey Hall. A millionaire with a hobby for maintaining either a band or an orchestra is indeed a "rare avis," but when, as in the case under notice, he becomes a musician himself, and conducts his own band, he is regarded as a phenomenon. It is, of course, a pity that when Mr. John Duss and his band played for 120 nights in New York City the metropolitan press as a rule showed an indisposition to take him seriously. In the interests of the musical public Mr. Duss deserves the warmest sympathy and support that journalists can give him. It is a most desirable thing to encourage millionaires to follow his example. Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Morgan might be induced to purchase a superb symphony orchestra and to tour the country with it and liberally supply us with pictures showing Mr. Carnegie posed in conducting a Beethoven symphony or an arrangement of Mendelssohn's "On the Wings of Sound." Speaking seriously, it was a mistake for Mr. Johnston, Duss's enterprising manager, to announce the Duss band as "America's greatest." It is a surprisingly good band, and exceptionally strong and well balanced, but it lacks the distinction, the reserve, the delicate finish, the range of tone qualities, that were conspicuous in the playing of the late Pat Gilmore's organization, as also in that of the Sousa band in its earlier days. And Mr. Duss as a conductor has not yet developed either into an emotional or a poetic director. He gets sentimental in spots; that is, he will linger over an occasional phrase, or work up an occasional climax, but he shows no comprehensive grasp of the spirit of the best compositions that he introduced here. His programmes are to be praised, as for the most part they include material that pleases both the cultivated musician and the masses. At the Massey Hall he gave, among other numbers, the overtures to "William Tell," "Tannhauser," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Mignon," in addition to Liszt's second rhapsody, "The Entry of the Gods into Valhalla," from "Das Rheingold," and selections from "Carmen." The popular numbers were mostly of a superior order of their class; in other words, they were of musical merit. One may mention, as examples, the sextette from "Lucia," the Valse from the suite "Casse Noisette," by Tchaikowski, the Valse from Delibes' ballet, "Naila," and Paderewski's minuet, "A l'Antique." The clap-trap marches with the parade of trombones in front of the band and the descriptive pieces of battle and storm were, of course, thrown in for the benefit of those in the audience with elemental tastes. Duss conducts unostentatiously enough; in fact, he is unassuming in his methods as a rule, and one was surprised, therefore, that on one occasion he was seen imitating the Sousa trick of conducting a march by beating time somewhere in the neighborhood of his boots. This infers a lack of originality, but now his attention has been called to the matter, perhaps he may invent something new. The band contains a large proportion of players who are masters of their instruments—perhaps more than one-half. The brass is excellent, and produced in the Wagner overture a fine massive body of tone, with beautiful soft gradations, and in the loud portions of the music developing power without stridency. The reeds, probably owing to the presence of some weak members, were not always clear in their execution of quick passages, often losing definition and accent. The prices for seats were moderate, having been scaled down from one dollar at the evening concerts. If Mr. Duss does not get tired of his expensive hobby he will be doing a good work by continuing to offer the public programmes of good music at popular rates, to say nothing of keeping from fifty to sixty musicians in constant employ. His band may be expected to advance on the road to perfection, it may attract ever-growing audiences, and in process of time the enterprise may prove financially profitable.

Miss Grace Lillian Carter of Boston has been appointed solo contralto of the Metropolitan Church.

The newly-completed organ of St. Peter's Church was opened with an organ recital on Wednesday evening by Mr. Edmund Phillips, organist of St. George's Church. The instrument is now a valuable accessory of the musical services.

Mrs. and the Misses Drechsler-Adams have returned to Toronto and have resumed teaching at the Conservatory of Music and their residence, 71 Gloucester street. Mrs. Adams is beginning rehearsals of the Conservatory String Orchestra. Those wishing to join can apply at the Conservatory or 71 Gloucester street at once. Only a limited number will be accepted.

The scholarship offered by Julia F. MacBrien, pupil of Leschetizky, was won by Miss Jean Nesbitt, a young girl who shows evidence of marked talent for the piano.

Miss Lillian M. Kirby has resigned her position as contralto soloist of the Metropolitan Methodist Church.

Evening violin classes have been opened at the Toronto College of Music. These classes are graded, senior and junior, and are conducted by a competent teacher. This is a good opportunity for beginners to receive instruction at a moderate cost.

A teachers' kindergarten music class has been opened at the Toronto College of Music, under the direction of Miss Hulda Westman. The graduates of last year have been most successful, and these classes wherever they have opened are well attended.

The Dundas "True Banner" is enthusiastic over the singing of Miss Mabel Henderson, formerly of Orangeville, but

now of Hamilton. It says: "Miss Henderson not only exhibited rare artistic taste, but is the possessor of a very sweet voice. Its range and resonance mark her as one of the coming star artists of the century." Miss Henderson has lately returned from London, Eng., where she has been studying under Professor Dareswski.

Miss Maude McLean, pianist; Miss Marguerite Waste, violinist, and Miss Evelyn M. Parker, vocalist, the well-known Toronto teachers, have decided to combine their work, and have organized the Model School of Music at 193 Beverley street, where instruction will be given in the three departments they represent. An invitation recital will be held this month, at which the three young ladies named will supply the programme. Pupils' recitals will be given regularly after this month.

The date of the reappearance of Mme. Sembrich, the great soprano, has been fixed for the 23rd inst., at Massey Hall. She will give a very choice recital programme. The sale of reserved seats will begin next Thursday, the 16th.

It is now announced that Mascagni and his opera company will give three of his operas on the 30th inst., at Massey Hall. "Ratcliffe" will be produced at the matinee, and "Zanetto" and "Cavalleria" in the evening. Mascagni will conduct, and will have an orchestra of seventy men, a large chorus, and a fine cast of principal singers, selected by himself in Italy.

A very enjoyable concert was given on Thursday evening of last week in Massey Hall, under the auspices of the W.C.T.U. About two thousand people attended, and received every number with enthusiastic applause. The programme was contributed by Messrs. Harold Jarvis, Owen Smiley, Harry Bennett, Mrs. W. J. Morrow of Peterboro', Mrs. Edmonds sang with her accustomed rich quality of voice, although the wisdom of her selecting "Under the Shade of the Palms," from "Florodora," may be questioned. Mrs. Morrow won a pronounced success. She has a good voice of light soprano timbre, which showed, moreover, considerable flexibility. Her florid aria from "I Puritani" was perhaps an ambitious attempt, but the test was creditably sustained. Mr. Jarvis sang with all his accustomed fervor, and his songs were greeted with liberal applause. Mr. Smiley gave several entertaining selections, and Mr. Bennett supplied the humorous element, and, as usual, caused great merriment. Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, at short notice, played all the accompaniments in the place of Mrs. Jarvis, who was unable to officiate.

Mr. Watkin Mills cabled his manager, Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, on Tuesday of last week that he and Mr. Edward Parlovitz would sail for New York on February 21, 1903. Already several important bookings have been made for the great basso for next spring.

Mrs. H. M. Blight, at the request of several advanced singers and vocal students in Toronto, has decided to undertake the coaching of oratorio and opera, and the rendition and interpretation of songs. This particular line of work has not been regularly undertaken by any artist as yet in Toronto, although many well-known pianists and artists in the larger centers are in great demand for these purposes. The number of advanced vocal students in Toronto who desire to enlarge their repertoire and to continue their work after they have graduated from the hands of the teachers has now become considerable, and Mrs. Blight's excellent services will doubtless be now in much request. Her studio will be at 40 Henry street for the coming season.

If reports in the press can be relied upon, a curious change has been made on the staff of the New York "Sun." Mr. James G. Huneker is, it is said, to resign the position of musical critic on the "Sun" to take up that of dramatic editor on the same paper. His place as musical critic will be filled by Mr. W. J. Henderson, for many years of the New York "Times." Huneker is well known by his pen name of "Lacounteur," attached to articles which have been contributed to the "Musical Courier." It is stated that it is made a condition of his assuming the dramatic editorship of the "Sun" that he must sever his connection with other papers. In that case the "Musical Courier" will lose its most interesting department.

The London correspondent of the "Concert-Globe" says: "The Queen's Hall orchestra, London, is one which Americans would do well to listen to. It is perfect."

Mascagni's opera "Ratcliffe," which we are promised by Manager Houston, will be produced here by the composer and his company this month, treats of events supposed to have taken place in Scotland in 1820. The hero, William Ratcliffe, is a dashing, impulsive, picturesque character, ready with sword and pistol for any emergencies, particularly those which threatened the course of his love for the beautiful Marie of the house of MacGregor. According to a New York writer, the name of Ratcliffe is spoken of to-day with admiration and awe in Caledonia.

Four and three-quarters millions of children are being taught music in the elementary schools of the British Isles, at an expenditure by the Government of half a million pounds sterling. Only about half a million children are taught by the staff notation.

The famous Meiningen orchestra will give five concerts in London, Eng., the first to take place November 17.

The penological function of music has not, perhaps, been sufficiently recognized heretofore. The following, from a German comic journal, calls attention to it: "Father—Elsa! Do Stop! How often are you going to repeat that 'Maiden's Prayer'! Elsa—Mamma has ordered me to play it ten times because I didn't practice yesterday, and ten times more because you came home so late from the tavern last night."

The Pittsburgh orchestra, which, thanks to the Mendelssohn Choir, was heard in Toronto last season with so much pleasure, cost last year \$80,000 to maintain. It is now entering upon its eighth season. It will be heard again here early next spring, once with the Mendelssohn

Choir and once in a programme of its own.

Those desirous of entering for the scholarships now being offered for free competition by the Metropolitan School of Music of Toronto, Mr. W. O. Forsyth director, should lose no time in giving in their names, as the lists will be closed at the beginning of next week. These scholarships are in musical composition, piano, singing, violin and elocution, and the teachers identified with them are of such well-proved ability as to make the propositions—either full or partial scholarships—of distinct value. A circular giving particulars can be obtained from the Metropolitan's secretary, Mr. Edmond L. Roberts.

Three young lady teachers of music recently decided to combine their work, and have opened the Model School of Music at 193 Beverley street. Invitations will be sent out this month for the first recital, at which the programme will be given by the teachers, Miss Maude McLean, A.T.C.M., pianist; Miss Marguerite Waste, A.T.C.M., violinist, and Miss Evelyn M. Parker, A.T.C.M., vocalist. Pupils' recitals will be given regularly after this month. The organizers of this school will doubtless receive the hearty good wishes and generous support of many interested in the advancement of Music in Toronto.

CHERUBINO.  
Her New Author.

**A**GENTLEMAN who spends his life entirely immersed in books has a more ambitious than a fashionable column, but she likes occasionally to pretend an interest in her husband's hobby; and so from time to time she goes to the library and takes down a book just for the sake of appearances.

"I chose a book this morning," she remarked the other day to her husband, with a bright smile, "by an author named Volix. Is he considered a good writer?"

"Volix!" said the good man in a puzzled tone; and then, not liking to confess himself ignorant of one of the books in his own library, he added, "Yes, my dear, a writer of very considerable power, who possesses a remarkable insight into his subject."

But when she had completed her elaborate toilette, and had gone off to her garden party, he sneaked round her bedroom to discover the book of the author of whom he had never even heard. It turned out to be a volume of Browning's poetry which happened to have been bound with no name on the back, where it merely bore the legend Vol. IX.

**The Two Idols.**

Life had an idol which fell  
All at once in a day.  
His body was found as a bell,  
But his feet were one clay.  
Therefore he fell in a day!

Death has an idol whose hands  
Which he held the night and day;  
Under his feet where he stands  
There are six feet of clay.  
Therefore he stands night and day.  
—Laurence Housman in "Pall Mall Magazine."

**An Attack on the English Smart Set.**

**A**LMOST as scathing as Henry Waterson's attacks on the "smart set" of New York are the gossip chapters on England's "smart set" which appear in the anonymous book, "An Onlooker's Notebook." That the writer is thoroughly conversant with the society he scores is apparent from the mass of intimate detail which he introduces. The writer especially deplores the "worship of the golden calf," which he says is given precedence in England over birth, rank, accomplishment or eminence in literature, art or public service. In English society Sunday has been completely secularized. In the country houses, where the "smart set" spend their week-ends, the day is spent over bridge, billiards and meals. For the servants it is a day of unending labor. Everyone has a luncheon party on Sunday, and it is the favorite day for dinners. Most of the leaders of fashion, he asserts, do not go to church at all. The ritualists, the fashionable sect of the Church of England, though abstaining from meat on Friday, assert the great Roman Catholic principle that Sunday is a feast, "and a remarkably good feast they make of it."

In his chapter on "Drinking and Drunkenness," the writer declares that, though the vice of intemperance has markedly decreased among men, there can be no doubt it has increased among women. "A delicate and highly-strung woman, living a life of eternal racket, which demands twice the strength she possesses, is compelled to have a glass of port whenever she feels collapsed or to keep a brandy flask in her dressing-case. She follows the prescription, feels better for it, increases it, depends upon it, craves for it." The great multiplication of ladies' clubs contributes to the same result.

The old courtly deference to women has disappeared. "Men and women sit in whatever attitudes are most comfortable, and exchange confidences through a cloud of external decorum in the outward and visible sign of internal devotion. As the ceremonies of intercourse have disappeared, the restrictions on speech have gone with them. . . . A lady was sending her youngest boy to Eton, and in talking over his new life, she gave him the suggestion of all mother's counsel—never listen to anything which he would not like his sisters to hear. He gazed with awe-struck eyes, and then replied, with emotion: 'I should think not, indeed, mother! If Polly and Kitty couldn't hear it, it must be awful.'"

A lady's affectionate nickname for the produce of Hunyadi Janos. The recent developments of abdominal surgery have enriched the table-talk of society with a vast amount of anatomical lore. Not long ago I was sitting, in chilly weather, on a damp lawn. One of the ladies, shuddering, said: "This is just the kind of thing to give one appendicitis." Whereupon another replied: "I wonder how many of us have got an appendix left." Again, with respect to more serious matters than those of health, the barriers of reticence have notably broken down. Satirists used to be sarcastic about "sins which modern society is ashamed to talk about, but not ashamed to commit." The taunt has lost all its poignancy, for, whether people in society commit these enormities or not, they certainly are ready enough to talk about them.

"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theater. And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is financing it."

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84 Yonge St.

## Social and Personal.

Mrs. E. T. Reburn, 2 Chicora avenue,  
will be at home the second and third  
Fridays of this month, when Mrs. Rey-  
nolds, Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Reynolds  
will receive with her before their re-  
turn to their home in New York. Owing  
to ill-health, Mrs. Reburn will not re-  
ceive again until spring.Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn and family  
are now settled in their new home, 16  
Wilcock street, where Mrs. and Miss  
Blackburn will receive on the first and  
second Tuesdays of each month.A quiet wedding took place at 41  
Callender street, Toronto, the residence  
of Mr. T. W. Murray, brother-in-law  
of the bride, on Thursday, October 2nd,  
when Mr. Charles Blake of Galt was  
married to Miss Mary D. McGregor,  
eldest daughter of the late Mr. John  
McGregor of Galt. The ceremony was  
performed by the Rev. George Fasken,  
cousin of the groom, in the presence of  
the immediate relatives of the con-  
tracting parties.Mrs. John T. Warrington, formerly of  
Belleville, is settled in her apartments  
in "The St. George," and will be at  
home on the first and third Tuesdays.Lord Dundonald has already become  
quite a figure at Ottawa, and not Lord  
Dundonald alone. His early morning  
ride about the suburbs is taken mounted  
on a black charger. The horse has a  
history, for upon it Lord Dundonald  
rode into Ladysmith and raised the  
siege after the four months' investment  
by the Boers. Another horse in the  
General's stables is one which carried  
his servant into Ladysmith on the same  
memorable day.Mrs. P. C. Larkin will not receive in  
her new home, 11 Elm avenue, Rosedale,  
until the first and second Mondays in  
November.Miss Nelles of Brantford, Mr. Arthur  
B. G. Tisdale of Toronto, Mrs. Cooke,  
Mrs. Daw, Mr. Walter Daw of Hamil-  
ton, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kinzer of  
Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. John L. Evans of  
Buffalo, N.Y., Mrs. Rutledge, Mrs. R.  
A. Wood of Toronto, Mr. V. C. Ward  
of Nanticoke, Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith  
of Wellington, Ohio, Mrs. Alexander of  
Brooklyn, N.Y., Miss Mary H. Connor,  
Mrs. J. W. Connor of Berlin, Mrs. Scott  
Smith, Miss G. H. Baillie, Mrs. S.  
Jacks of Toronto are recently regis-  
tered guests at the Welland, St. Cathar-  
ines.Mrs. Thomas Tait returned to Mon-  
real last week. Mrs. Cockburn has not  
yet quite recovered her strength, and  
many friends spend very pleasant hours  
with her during her enforced isolation  
from the gay doings of the early season.  
Major Cockburn, V.C., was home from  
his Muskoka sports in time to look in at  
the races on Saturday.Mr. Stewart Wilkie has been spend-  
ing his leave in town and has returned  
to Quebec, where he is quartered in the  
Citadel.Major and Mrs. Victor Williams have  
taken up house in St. George street, at  
No. 124, the house recently occupied by  
Mr. Scott Griffin.Mrs. Henry Wade has taken Mrs.  
Horetzky's house, 88 Bedford road, for  
the winter.Mrs. T. B. Taylor is giving a tea on  
October 22, at her residence in Sher-  
bourne street.Mrs. Maurice Cohen will receive at  
her residence, 73 Dowling avenue, on  
the second and fourth Thursdays of  
the month.Mrs. R. B. Gravin (nee Mitchell) will  
receive at her home, 56 Amelia street,  
the second and third Tuesdays.Mrs. Hastings, wife of Dr. Charles J.  
Hastings, and her two youngest children  
have been spending the past two weeks  
in Washington and Asheville, N.C., and  
are now in Knoxville, Tenn., where they  
are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Hon-  
derson. Next week they propose going  
on to Nashville, where they will be the  
guests of Chancellor and Mrs. Kirkland  
of Vanderbilt University, and will prob-  
ably return home about the end of the  
month.The Woman's Literary society gives a  
reception this afternoon from 4 to 7  
o'clock.Mr. H. M. Sampson, a pupil at the  
Conservatory of Music, has been en-  
gaged as tenor soloist at St. Andrew's  
Presbyterian Church, King street.The Misses Jardine are settled in their  
new home, 120 Avenue road, where they  
will receive on the second Friday of No-  
vember, and thereafter as usual on the  
second, third and fourth Fridays.Mrs. A. P. Misener (nee Goud) will  
hold her post-nuptial reception at the  
home of Mrs. Scripture, 70 Close avenue,  
on Tuesday, October 14, from 4 to 6, and  
from 8 to 10 p.m. Mrs. Misener will re-  
ceive at 23 Park road on the first and  
second Thursdays of each month.Mrs. Lyndie H. Bedlington of 54 Wel-  
lington place will receive on Wednesday  
and Thursday of next week.Dr. Colin Campbell, formerly of the  
resident staff of the Toronto General  
Hospital, and for the past two years  
surgeon on the R.M.S. "Empress of In-  
dia," is visiting his mother in Yorkville  
avenue, en route for Europe. On leaving  
the "Empress" Dr. Campbell was the re-  
cipient of substantial evidences of his  
personal popularity from shipmates, en-  
gineers and Chinese crew. A large num-  
ber of Vancouver friends were down at  
the station at his departure to bid him  
farewell.On Saturday, October 4, at 3 o'clock in  
the afternoon, a pretty wedding was  
solemnized in the Mount Hope Metho-  
dist Church, the contracting parties being  
Miss Jennie B. Young, eldest daughter of  
Mr. Allan Young of Mount Hope, and  
Mr. J. Herbert Dickenson, third son of  
Mr. John Dickenson, M.L.A., of North  
Glanford. The church was prettily de-  
corated for the occasion, and the cere-  
mony was performed by Rev. H. M.  
Hall. Miss Amy B. Dickenson, sister of

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Valley  
Violet  
Perfume

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The groom, played the "Wedding March."  
The bride's gown was of ivory Liberty  
satin, and she carried a shower bouquet  
of bride roses. Miss Gertrude Dickenson,  
maid of honor, wore a dainty white mus-  
lin dress, with black velvet picture hat.  
The bridesmaids were Miss Edna Young  
and Miss Elleda Dickenson, the former  
wearing pink silk and the latter white  
muslin, with black velvet hats. The  
groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful  
diamond ring, and to the bridesmaids he  
gave pearl rings. A dainty wedding  
breakfast was served at the residence of  
the bride's parents, and in the evening  
Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson left for points  
east, followed by the good wishes of  
many friends. The bride's going-away  
gown was of gray cloth, with white felt  
hat and ostrich feather boa. Among  
the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs.  
Edward Dickenson, sr., North Glanford;  
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs.  
Henry Dickenson, Miss Elizabeth Dick-  
enson, Miss Mae Dickenson, Toronto; Mr.  
and Mrs. D. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. McKay,  
Hamilton, and many others.Mrs. Lumbers of 188 Sherbourne street  
will not receive this season.Mrs. Trevor J. Horrocks (nee Eck-  
hardt of St. Catharines) will hold her  
first reception on the afternoon and  
evening of Monday, October 20, at "Cha-  
teau Bonheur," 582 Sherbourne street,  
and will afterwards receive on the first  
and second Mondays in the month.

## A Popular Belief.

That Rheumatism is Due to Cold, Wet  
Weather.Such Conditions Aggravate the Trouble.  
But it is Now Known to be a Disease  
of the Blood—Outward Applica-  
tions Cannot Cure It.The once popular belief that rheuma-  
tism was entirely the result of exposure  
to cold or dampness is now known to be  
a mistake. The disease may be aggra-  
vated by exposure, but the root of the  
trouble lies in the blood, and must be  
treated through it. Liniments and out-  
ward applications never cure, while Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills always cure, be-  
cause they make new, rich, red blood, in  
which disease finds lodgment impossible.  
Concerning the use of these pills Mr. A.  
G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For up-  
wards of five years I was a victim to the  
tortures of rheumatism. At times the  
pains in my knees, shoulders and hip  
were almost past endurance. At other  
times I could not dress myself without  
assistance. I tried several remedies,  
some of them very costly, without get-  
ting any more than temporary relief at  
the most. At this juncture a friend  
urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,  
and spoke so highly of the pills that I  
decided to try them. Almost from the  
very first these pills helped me, and by  
the time I had taken seven or eight  
boxes every twinge of rheumatism had  
disappeared and I was feeling better  
than I had for years. I would strongly  
advise similar sufferers to give Dr. Wil-  
liams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as I am  
confident they will not only drive away  
all pains and aches, but leave you strong,  
active and happy."Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the great-  
est tonic medicine in the world. These  
pills not only cure rheumatism, but all  
troubles whose origin comes from poor  
blood or weak nerves, such as anaemia,  
consumption, neuralgia, kidney trouble,  
St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and  
the irregularities which make the lives  
of so many women a source of misery.  
Some dealers offer substitutes, and in or-  
der to protect yourself you must see that  
the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills  
for Pale People" is on the wrapper  
around every box. Sold by all dealers,  
or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a  
box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing  
direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Com-  
pany, Brockville, Ont.

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days.  
The balls were my uncle's, it's true;  
A board-bill it was from which I'd  
blue haze—  
Which shows what a poor man can do.  
—McLanburgh Wilson.Angry Mother—Now, Bobby, don't let  
me speak to you again! Bobby (help-  
lessly)—How can I prevent you, mam-  
ma?—Boston "Globe."R. Score & Son have published their  
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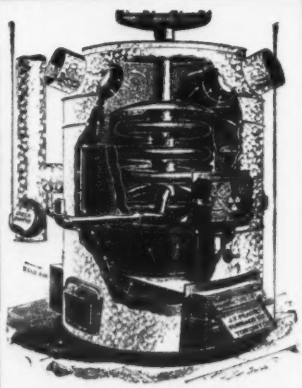
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They will burn soft coal economically. Give a good heat.

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### Social and Personal.

At St. James' Church, Montreal, on October 1st, Miss Helen Graham, daughter of the late Rev. James Graham of Toronto, was married to Mr. Walter Ardiel, M.D., of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The officiating clergyman was Rev.

J. Wellington Graham, pastor of the church and brother of the bride. The latter, who wore her traveling costume of navy blue canvas cloth, carried a shower bouquet of bride roses, and was attended by her sister, Miss Frith Graham. After partaking of a dainty wedding luncheon at the residence of

Rev. Mr. Graham in Mance street, Dr. and Mrs. Ardiel left for the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. They were in Toronto this week, where they met a number of old friends, and then proceeded to the bridegroom's old home in London. They will reside in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where Dr. Ardiel has been practising successfully for some years, and where there is already a large "Canadian colony" which keeps up a love for the old land.

Mrs. Thomas P. Stewart will receive for the first time since her marriage at 50 St. George street on Friday, October 17, and afterwards on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

Mrs. Dawson held her post-nuptial reception last week at her new home, Spadina avenue, and a large number of callers paid their respects to her. The bride wore her dainty lace and mousseline wedding gown, and was assisted by Mrs. Torrington. Her pretty upstairs drawing-room was very bright, and some lovely flowers beautified it additionally. Downstairs in the dining-room tea was served, and Dr. Dawson faced the merry congratulations of the visitors with the air of feeling he deserved them.

The Massey Hall opened with the Duss-Band last Friday and Saturday, and quite a large number of people heard it, in spite of the counter-attractions of race dinners and other evening festivities attendant on race week. Mr. Duss departed from the gravity and aloofness of the usual conductor, and got quite funny in little speeches to his audience. He was to have a rich feast of good things at the Massey Hall this season.

Major Nanton, a scion of one of Toronto's oldest families and a son-in-law of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, Sir Henri Joli de Lotbiniere, left on his return to India a few days ago. He visited Victoria during his stay in Canada.

Lord and Lady Minto and their party have had an experience of tent life in the North-West, being under canvas for much of their stay.

Mrs. Charles H. Likens of Marlborough avenue is now settled in her new home, 84 Concord avenue, and will be at home on the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ecclestone entertained the officers and teachers of the Parkdale Sunday school to the number of about one hundred at their residence in Spencer avenue, on Friday evening. During the evening an address was presented by the pastor, Rev. R. J. Treleven, to the retiring secretary, Mr. C. W. Chadwick, who for about ten years has very ably filled the position and whose services have been appreciated by the school. Very dainty refreshments were served in the red dining-room, which looked particularly attractive. White dahlias, with maiden-hair fern and candelabra with crimson shades, on an embroidered centerpiece of crimson roses, made a lovely table decoration. The dining-room was presided over by Miss Carrigan, Miss Mountain and Miss Hunter. The hostess was attired in pale blue embroidered Swiss muslin, with Valenciennes trimming. The Sunday school orchestra, led by Mr. Cornish, furnished delightful music during the evening.

Mrs. A. W. Draper of Chicago is visiting her mother in Danforth avenue, and will be at home to her friends on Tuesdays in October.

Miss McGuire returned to town on Saturday, after a pleasant visit in Chicago.

The intercollegiate athletic games take place on Saturday, October 18, on Varsity Athletic Field. The struggle for the faculty championship will be a keen one. A handsome cup has been offered by the Toronto Cricket Club.

The German Benevolent Society, at their annual meeting on October 7, elected the following officers: Mr. N. L. Steiner, president; Mr. Anton Heintzman, vice-president; Mr. Charles Schaedel, treasurer; Mr. H. Eymann, secretary; Mr. A. J. Seyler, finance secretary. The society is giving a concert in the Liederkranz Hall next Monday evening at 8.30 for benevolent purposes.

Dr. William Adams of Toronto sailed on Monday, October 6, for China, where he will take up special work as a medical missionary in the city of Chun Tu, Province of Szechuan. Dr. Adams is a graduate of dentistry, as well as of medicine, and has spent some time as a medical missionary in the North-West. He is exceptionally equipped for work in the far interior of China, and is a descendant of one of the earliest New England families in America, and well known in Toronto, where his relatives reside. He has recently been married, and will be absent for seven years.

Dr. Charles Schomburg Elliott, formerly of Toronto and later of Belleville, has just returned from a year's absence in Great Britain and has taken up house in Grosvenor street.

Miss L. Thompson of Russell street is visiting her cousin, Mrs. (Dr.) Curran, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. William Edwards and Miss Bolster are en pension at Mrs. Linda Goode's, 665 Spadina avenue.

The announcement of the impending marriage of the veteran Bishop Potter and Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark created a great fluttering among New York visitors in England. Bishop Potter is exceedingly popular in New York, and so are his married daughters. Many of their touring friends absolutely refused to believe in the engagement, but it was actually ended by the marriage of the Bishop and Mrs. Clark last Saturday at Christ Church, Cooperstown, N.Y.

Mrs. Alexander Gibson is staying with Mrs. Gibb, 12 Pine Hill road. Mrs. Stratford is at Iverholm, St. George street. Mrs. Julius Miles is going to Quebec next week. Mr. William T. Jennings has placed his son at McGill College, and I believe the young man is to go into the Engineers later on.

Mr. T. C. Patteson has returned from England. Major and Mrs. Foster of



Jim Dumps' good wife was much distressed because her cook went off "to rest."  
"Great guns! I have to cook!" she said.  
Said Jim: "Don't cook—have 'Force' instead!"  
The children all agreed with him  
And passed their plates to "Sunny Jim."

## "Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

is the minute-man  
of the pantry.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

### A Hot-Weather Delight.

"Force" is a constant delight to me these hot days. It's always ready for every meal, with cream for breakfast, with fruit for lunch, and in a simple pudding for dinner. We eat it just before bedtime, too. It saves me lots of work and trouble.  
Mrs.  
(Name furnished on application.)

11

Erlescourt are leaving at the end of the month to winter in Jamaica. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon has gone to England to join her mother, Mrs. Allan, of Moss Park. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham Allan are living at Moss Park this winter, and Mrs. Allan receives on Mondays. Mrs. Stephen Heward has returned from Orillia.

### Limerick, Ltd.

There was a young fellow in Ga.  
Who remarked to a check "I will Fa!"  
And the Judge gave him ten  
In the Commonwealth's pen.  
"Where," he said, "they will lodge you  
and Ba."  
—Baltimore "News."

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Established 1810.  
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### Peculiarities of Sleep.

There are few persons who can tell offhand just what positions they assume to invite sleep, and yet there is not an individual in the world who has not some trick of distributing limbs and trunk to ensure slumber's blissful spell which he practices unconsciously. This is a night habit, as perpetual and immutable under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons. No sooner are we really off to the Land of Nod than the night habit asserts its dominion. Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy, our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwined in comfortable relaxation, as commanded by unconscious will. It is seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find tonight on going to bed if you remember these words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the instincts you will be surprised at the dispositions of the various members involuntarily made. If you endeavor to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but even before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender, and permit the little masterful night habit to reinstate those little details of position which long practice has made necessary to your comfort.

### Splendid Increase.

The Grand Trunk traffic earnings for period September 22 to 30 shows an increase of \$106,543 over same period last year, which is a remarkably large figure, and points with emphasis to the complete rejuvenation which has taken place in less than eight years, and has made this great railway one that Canadians may well be proud of.

Millions of dollars have been spent by its progressive management in construction of double tracks, lengthening sidings, cutting down grades, purchasing new steel rails, building elevators, stations, engines, modern coaches, parlor cars and dining cars, and advertising the resorts of Canada.

The traffic in this time has nearly doubled, dividends are being paid on more of the preference stocks, which have increased in value many millions of pounds.

The aim of the Grand Trunk evidently is to be "second to none," and to-day the handsome wide vestibule electric lighted coaches, cafe parlor and dining cars are not surpassed by any line in America. It is safe to say that 75 per cent. of the traveling public between Montreal, Toronto, Detroit and Chicago patronize this line on account of its superior train service, excellent roadbed and up-to-date equipment, combined with attentive and polite trainmen. A word to the wise is sufficient. "When you travel, see that your ticket reads, over the Grand Trunk."

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

Pidgeon—Sept. 30, Streetsville, Mrs. Geo. C. Pidgeon, a son.  
Langmuir—Oct. 6, Toronto, Mrs. E. A. Langmuir, twin daughters.  
Reid—Oct. 5, Toronto, Mrs. D. D. Reid, a daughter.  
Hooper—Oct. 3, Toronto, Mrs. E. Ralph Hooper, a daughter.  
Phin—Oct. 3, Toronto, Mrs. John A. Phin, a son.

#### Marriages.

Ardiel—Graham—On Oct. 1st, 1902, at St. James' Church, Montreal, by Rev. J. Wellington Graham, Helen Graham to Walter Ardiel.  
Elder—Cox—Oct. 2, New York, Andrew Elder to Laura, his daughter.  
Thomas—Good—Oct. 6, Toronto, Walter H. Thomas to Cordelia Helen Good.  
Triggs—Locke—Oct. 7, Hamilton, Arthur St. L. Triggs to Mary Arbuthnot H. Locke.  
Oliver—Jones—Oct. 7, Toronto, Joseph Ormsby Oliver to Hannah Jones.  
Somerville—Rimington—Oct. 7, Toronto, Herbert Douglas Somerville to Ada Victoria Rimington.  
Hancock—Kee—Sept. 24, Benjamin Hancock to Maggie A. King.

#### Deaths.

Eakins—Oct. 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. H. Eakins, aged 48 years.  
Noble—Oct. 8, Toronto, Mrs. Cecilia Noble, aged 72 years.  
Niven—Oct. 4, St. Catharines, Rev. David P. Niven, B.A., aged 63 years.  
Bethell—Oct. 7, Detroit, Francis Bethell, Givins—Los Angeles, Cal., Charlotte, widow of the late Canon Givins, formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, Toronto.  
Stephenson—Oct. 1, Detroit, Dr. S. Stephenson, aged 56 years.  
Mitchell—Oct. 3, Niagara Falls, Donald Russell Mitchell.  
Currie—Oct. 4, Toronto, George Currie, aged 81 years.  
Kennedy—Oct. 1, Morrison, Ill., Dr. Albert E. Kennedy, aged 66 years.

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Superficial Hair, Moles, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed. Freshness, beauty and contour restored to face and form. A perfect system of hand culture. Sole Canadian agent for preparations of Isabel Cassidy, New York. Mrs. Gibbons, room 25, Odd Fellows' Building, corner Yonge and College. Telephone, 308 N.

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#### SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

When travelling you should bear in mind the road and the trains that will take you to your destination in the fastest time, and in the most comfortable manner. The Grand Trunk service excels in both particulars, and passenger, from Toronto to Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Detroit or Chicago, will find the day trains equipped with wide vestibule coaches, hand-some Cafe Parlor and Dining Cars serving meals "a la carte." The night trains carry Pullman Sleeping Cars to all above points. You can leave Toronto for Montreal and east at 9 a.m. and 10 p.m., for Buffalo and New York at 9 a.m., 4.50 p.m. and 6.15 p.m., and to Detroit and Chicago at 7.35 a.m., 4.50 p.m. and 11.20 p.m. Tickets, reservations, etc., at City Office, N. W. cor. King and Yonge Streets.

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Is the title of a new publication is used by the Grand Trunk Passenger Department, for the information of the hunter and angler who desires to visit that "Sportsman's Paradise," the "Highlands of Ontario," and other points along the line of the Grand Trunk. It is profusely illustrated, and is a very handsome folder. Copies sent on application to principal Agents, or J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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